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1567.

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JOHN BULL

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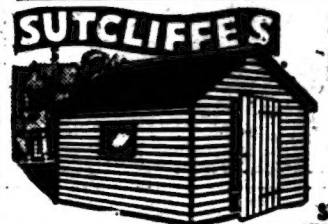

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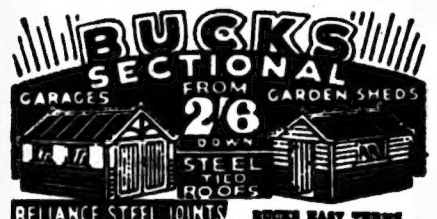

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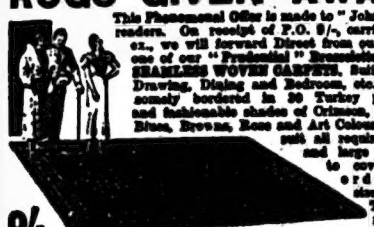

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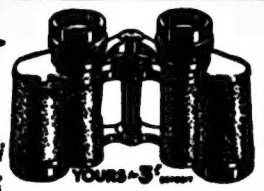

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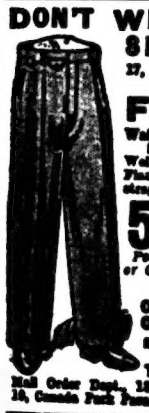

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N.B. The First Prize of £2,500 will be increased to £3,000 if the winner should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

SIMPLE RULES

1. A first prize of £2,500 will be paid to the sender of the best photograph received during the run of the competition. An additional sum of £500, making £3,000 in all, will be paid to the winner of the first prize if he or she proves to be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." Cash prizes of £100 and £50 will be awarded for the next best photographs received in order of merit.
2. From the photographs received each day a selection will be made and a special award of £2.2.0 will be paid to the sender of any photograph reproduced in the "Daily Herald." **Every photograph will be judged** and every entry, whether reproduced in the "Daily Herald" or not, will be eligible for the first three prizes. No entrant may win more than one of the first three prizes.
3. All entries submitted must have been taken personally by the sender, who must be an amateur. Photographs need not have been developed and printed by the sender and may be either "snapshot" or "time" exposure. **Photographs entered in this competition need not have appeared in any other publication**, and the entrant must be the sole owner of the copyright of each photograph entered.
4. Entries in this competition may be of any size and must be unmounted. Entries cannot in any circumstances be returned to senders, and no correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted.
5. **There is no limit to the number of entries you may submit**, but no photograph may be submitted more than once. A Free Entry Form will be printed each day in the "Daily Herald" during the run of the competition, and each photograph submitted must have one of these forms properly completed and pasted on the back.
6. The copyright of any photograph published becomes the property of the "Daily Herald," and the payment of a prize or special award shall be regarded as a copyright fee.
7. The decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" must be accepted as final and legally binding on any matter relating to this competition. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.
8. Employees of the "Daily Herald (1929), Ltd." and any associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.
9. Entries may be sent in at any time during the competition and must be posted to "Snaps," The "Daily Herald," 8, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2. (Comp.). The closing date of the competition will be announced in the "Daily Herald" later.

Use the FREE Entry Form on right for your first snap to-day. Further FREE Entry Forms, which must be pasted on the back of each snap submitted, are now appearing every day in the "Daily Herald."

Look through your collection

FREE FOR A SNAP!

CASH AWARDS

X FREE ENTRY FORM FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS BELOW X

HERE is a great new Snapshot Competition in which the magnificent must-be-won cash prize of £2,500 is offered FREE for a single snap.

Every "John Bull" reader may enter for this Competition, and a Special Free Entry Form for "John Bull" readers appears below. Further Free Entry Forms are now appearing every day in the "Daily Herald."

A snap taken at home or on holiday, in the garden or street, in the country or by the sea, that will carry off this big prize, may already be in your possession.

Just think of it! You may have snapped a £2,500 picture and it may be at this moment in your home just waiting for you to send it in! Look through your collection of snaps to-day, select as many as you like and enter them in this fascinating competition.

When these elephants were photographed, they didn't know they were in a prize winning snap.

Youngsters at play is another subject anyone can snap. This one proved a winner.

The competition is open to every amateur photographer. You may enter any snap and there is no limit to the number of entries you may send. The more entries you send the more opportunities you have of carrying off the first prize. The competition is FREE and there is absolutely nothing whatever to pay. In addition to the huge first prize there are unlimited £2 2s. 0d. cash awards to be won during the run of the competition.

From the entries received each day a number will be selected by the Art Editor of the "Daily Herald" for publication in the "Daily Herald." Awards of £2 2s. each will be paid for all snaps reproduced, and there is no limit to the number of £2 2s. awards you may win. All snaps entered, whether or not they win a £2 2s. award, will be eligible for the huge cash prizes at end of competition.

Every snap entered will be individually judged, and remember, it is the picture that counts—not the camera. You are just as likely to win a big award for a snap taken with a simple box camera as with a camera of a more expensive type.

Use the Free entry form on right to-day. FURTHER FREE ENTRY FORMS ARE NOW APPEARING EACH DAY IN THE "DAILY HERALD." All you have to do is to affix a free entry form on the back of each photograph you submit.

In this great competition prizes will be awarded daily right from the very start. They are actually being awarded now. Look through the snaps already in your possession, now—send your entries in straightaway. You may have the thrill, in a few days' time, of seeing your snap reproduced in the "Daily Herald." And who knows, you may have entered the winner of £2,500—increased to £3,000 if you are a registered reader of the "Daily Herald." Someone must win this world's record prize for a snap. Why not YOU?

★ **You may enter at once with the snapshots already in your possession. Use the Free Entry Form for "John Bull" readers below. Further Free Entry Forms are now appearing daily in the "Daily Herald."**

Here's a prize winning holiday picture. Look through your snaps and send them in. There may be a fortune hiding among them.

Animals are always charming subjects. This pretty snap carried off a prize.

Complete Entry Form below in Block Letters. Cut it out and paste it firmly on the back of your Photograph.

Entry Form No. J.1.

FIRST PRIZE

£2,500 FREE

FOR A SNAPSHOT

plus £500 extra if winner should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

2nd Prize £100 : 3rd Prize £50.

Address your entries:

"SNAPS," THE "DAILY HERALD," 8, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

I agree to abide by the rules and conditions of this Competition, and certify that this photograph was taken by me. I am an amateur and the sole owner of the copyright of this photograph, which has NOT previously been published.

Write clearly in Block Letters.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

John Bull, 27/6/36.

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

WANTED—

A Rents Champion

BRITAIN is sorely in need of another Mr. Jaggers.

You remember Mr. Jaggers, of Edgware. We told in this page a few weeks ago the story of how he triumphed in his campaign in the courts to prove that parents, not officials, are still in law the sole custodians of the welfare of their children.

Another Mr. Jaggers is now required—this time to fight the battle of the working-class tenants of the country—to fight it, if necessary, on the floor of the House of Lords.

Firstly, this champion must be the tenant of a working-class house who is paying what eminent legal opinion believes to be illegally excessive rent. Nearly two million occupants of what are termed Class C houses are, it is estimated, therefore, eligible for the distinction of being the new Mr. Jaggers.

Secondly, the champion must have the backing of about £500—to pay the legal fare to the House of Lords.

☆ ☆ ☆

High legal experts predict a great victory for him; and, even were he to lose, the stir caused by his fight would put the Government under moral compulsion to rectify a colossal and tragical blunder.

Here's how that blunder arose:

Five years ago Parliament passed a measure by which all houses then subject to control should continue to be controlled until 1938. So that tenants could know where they stood, it was ordered that a register of decontrolled houses should be kept in every area and landlords were allowed three months' grace in which to place particulars of decontrolled property on the register.

Not 5 per cent. of the houses now supposed to be decontrolled were registered in the given period.

Landlords treated the requirements of the Act with utter contempt until the county court judges awakened to the situation and refused to recognise as legal their demands for rent increases and possession orders when the tenants refused to pay.

But the Act also gave the landlords the privilege of late registration if they could give reasonable excuse why it had not been done during the three months allowed. And a stampede of landlords seeking late registration began when the firmness of the county court judges became apparent.

☆ ☆ ☆

Unfortunately, only a few county courts required the landlords to produce evidence of the justification either for late registration or for declaring their property to be decontrolled.

The landlords found that in most cases all they had to do was to fill up a form and pay a small fee to obtain decontrol without giving any kind of notice to their tenants. Then, whether or not the houses were legally liable to decontrol, they proceeded to raise rents and to evict tenants if the increase was not paid.

Parliament had foreseen the possibility of this shameful abuse of the late registration provision, and its intentions were interpreted in a Ministry of Health memorandum to local authorities.

This stated in the clearest possible language that late registration did not remove protection from the sitting tenant and that the landlord must wait until he again came into possession of the premises before he could treat a house as decontrolled and raise the rent or order the occupier to quit.

County court judges everywhere accepted the construction placed upon the Act by the Ministry of Health, and dismissed applications by landlords for possession orders against tenants who had refused to pay the increases that followed the wave of late registration.

With their powerful organisations behind them, the landlords then went to the Court of Appeal. And this court decided that, whatever the purposes of Parliament and irrespective of the Ministry of Health's memorandum, the clumsy Act, as it stood, meant that immediately a house was registered as decontrolled, even under a late registration, it was fully decontrolled from that date and all safeguards for the sitting tenant disappeared. Therefore the tenant could have his rent raised to any limit the landlord cared, or suffer ejection.

"Justice?—Yes," says the Law, "but where's your £500 to pay for it?"

High legal authorities were convinced that the judgment of the Appeal Court was wrong and that it was bound to be quashed by the House of Lords.

Then came stark tragedy. The tenant who had been the subject of the test case was a poor 'bus conductor and the money available to him was exhausted by the earlier proceedings.

The House of Lords was asked, in view of the superlative importance of the case to a vast number of people, to grant facilities for an appeal to be heard under the Poor Persons procedure. This was not allowed, but a month's extension of time in which to appeal to the highest tribunal was conceded on condition that the tenant entered into a bond for £200.

In all Britain, so unorganised are the tenants, that £200 could not be found.

The landlords won their greatest triumph by default.

They have since so fully exploited their victory that county court judges and registrars are aghast.

All over the country, as one registrar recently pointed out, bailiffs are working overtime taking possession of unfortunate working-class people's goods and chattels.

When a house is controlled, the court invariably allows the tenant to pay off arrears by instalments and distraint can only be made in extreme cases by a bailiff of the court.

But when a house is decontrolled, the landlord can not only charge as he likes, but can put in a private bailiff without the authority of the court. In recent months this has developed into the worst racket of modern times.

The private bailiff charges a levy fee of 5s. and then demands 7s. a day for technical occupation until the arrears are paid off. So the tenant has to keep on paying about £2 10s. a week in addition to discharging arrears and the current excessive rent.

☆ ☆ ☆

The bailiffs, of course, do not actually take possession, and so great are the lists given to them by the landlords with whom they are in unholy alliance that everywhere in the country private bailiffs are making almost fabulous incomes from the victims of unscrupulous property owners.

These scandals must all go on until a new Mr. Jaggers, with £500 behind him, can begin proceedings afresh in the county court and carry them on by way of the Court of Appeal to the House of Lords.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Curtain Up on the Test Match Farce

CURTAIN up on what will surely prove to be one of the most farcical games of cricket ever played!

At Lord's, on Saturday, the might of English cricket is pitted against a team from India, which did not have a win in its first ten matches and has suffered inglorious defeat by comparatively weak county sides, even by a minor county.

Yet they call it an All India team, and the match—save the mark!—is described as a Test Match.

Disowned

We say that description is a complete misnomer. Even in India clamour is growing for the team to return forthwith. It doesn't represent anything like the best that India can do.

We ask this pertinent question: By what right are these matches being called Test Matches?

The name Test Match has grown round a long series of hotly contested matches between this country and Australia. They began in 1876, and throughout those sixty years no one country has ever led by more than a short head. The position to-day is Australia 53 wins, England 52.

Not tests

Also they have enabled English cricket to restore its finances from time to time, because each county has benefited financially from these matches.

And it is for financial reasons—at the public's expense—that the farcical game which begins on Saturday is going to be masqueraded under the name of a Test Match.

When South African visiting teams came, the games were also known as Test Matches. When the West Indies started to play us as recently as 1928, New Zealand in 1929, All India in 1932, it was all "Test Match" again.

Humiliation

In our opinion, the M.C.C. should encourage Empire matches by all means. In fact, we should like to see another triangular tournament, such as there was between England, Australia and South Africa in this country in 1912, when England ran out winners. Why not, in fact, a proper Empire championship?

But leave the England-Australia matches—the real Test matches—in a class of their own.

And, more important still, don't delude the public into paying to see a Test Match that is no Test at all!

Her pal

An elderly woman at Newcastle-on-Tyne is stone deaf and lives alone almost in poverty. She has to rely on a signal from her dog when anyone calls.

These facts were known to the authorities, who were also aware that it was impossible for her to pay for a dog licence. The local Watch Committee must be asked to explain, then, why public money has been spent in prosecuting her. It must have been obvious that the charge would be dismissed.

In the shadow

The Commissioner of Police also will surely call for an explanation of the circumstances in which Joseph Parkington has been charged at Woolwich with stealing 4s. 6d.

After a month's sentence had been imposed—there was no previous conviction—the man dropped unconscious and had to be carried out of court.

Only then did the police tell the magistrate that he was dying. The stipendiary at once revoked the sentence. It was also known that he had taken the money to get extra nourishment because of his enfeebled condition.

Why, in the name of all that is humane, was the charge ever brought and why was the magistrate not told the tragic truth before he proceeded to pass sentence?

'Midst plenty

There is a plague of rabbits everywhere in Britain and it is worst in the regions around the distressed areas.

Slaves of the Holiday Resorts

The Higher Wages Canard

Why delude them into paying to see a Test Match that is no test at all?

But a proposal has been rejected that, when unprecedented slaughter begins after the breeding season, a supply of cheap and wholesome food should be organised for people in the stricken districts.

Farmers say that butchers will not take the rabbits because it would affect the sale and high prices of meat. The butchers reply that the farmers prefer to bury and burn the carcases lest cattle prices fall.

Once again the needy are denied the bounty of Nature.

Queer film

There is bad taste in a War Office offer which, we learn, has been made to give "most generous and varied co-operation" in the production of a film of British Army life.

The picture is to be directed by an American and the chief character is to be an American who joins the British Army.

As a recruiting film in this country it is bound to have a nasty reception. But much worse is the fact that it is to be exploited in American kinemas. That can only mean that the British Army will be presented in a less favourable light than the U.S. Army.

It seems that the War Office cannot miss a chance to bungle.

Uncharitable

Sir William Davison, M.P. for Kensington, has been inveighing against State ceremonials in connection with the Coronation taking place on weekdays and dislocating traffic.

Events like these are so rare that Sir William can surely afford to be more charitable.

Far more devastating to time and temper are the daily traffic blocks caused by society weddings in the neighbourhood of the many "fashionable" churches in his own constituency.

Their holiday

Holiday resorts are filling up—and the crowds are bringing woe to local shop workers.

In many of these places now the closing exemptions are so wide that shops remain open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., with 11 o'clock closing on Saturdays. According to Lord Trent, the chairman of Boots', assistants have to bear the strain of being on their feet for fifteen or sixteen hours daily, with only limited intervals of rest. The licensed trade in most holiday centres has also obtained extensions of opening hours, but it seems that almost everywhere the workers have to put in the extra time without more wages.

The traders and licence holders are short-sighted. They are making ammunition to destroy themselves when next they apply for these privileges. The authorities will be justified in refusing facilities to make profits by sweating.

Illogical

Mr. Elliot and Mr. Runciman are discussing a new beef scheme with the Argentine Government.

There will be a tax of three-halfpence a pound on foreign chilled beef and of a halfpenny a pound on Empire beef.

The proceeds of the tax will be handed out in a subsidy to British beef breeders. So people who have to buy imported meat will pay more in order that luckier ones can buy home-bred meat more cheaply.

Another case of the poor subsidising the rich.

You pay

The miners are beginning to complain about the way the Coal Marketing scheme is working out. Justifiably so.

Housewives are paying 10s. a ton more for domestic coal. They are told this is to help the miners. But the workers are getting only 6d. or 1s. per ton extra. No need to ask where the rest is going.

And no wonder speculators are buying colliery shares.

Roundabouts

Some very disturbing reports are reaching us in answer to the coal-owners' persistent statements that they are not able to pay better wages.

Here are two typical instances.

A North Country colliery company sells coal to a subsidiary chemical and coking company at a few shillings per ton. The colliery makes a loss, but the chemical company earns big profits—in which the miners do not share.

A Yorkshire colliery has a working arrangement with an interlocked coal marketing firm, which it supplies at special cheap rates. Its own profits are, of course, reduced, but the sister firm pays big dividends on which the miners have no claim.

The new coal selling regulations may as well be scrapped if they cannot achieve better than this.

Bluff

On page 7 we have something to say about the private bailiff racket and the reasons why its practitioners are reaping riches that they could only have dreamed of before.

In addition to the general scandal of rapacious landlords and private bailiffs battening on working-class tenants, information is reaching us from all over the country that these gentry are freely frightening people by serving documents upon them purporting to come from the County Courts Department.

Judge Wells at Southwark has detected the imposition and given grave warning.

We commend his observations not only to the notice of other county court judges, but of chief constables. It is tantamount to obtaining money by false pretences from people who are not acquainted with legal procedure.

False news

Trade union leaders are, fortunately, watching with care the strange propaganda campaign that is going on to create the belief that the wages of half the workers in Britain have been raised.

The motive for spreading these reports in certain newspapers is not yet clear, but it must be suspect, because they are deliberate perversions.

Apart from the paltry rise just offered to the engineers owing to the greater cost of living, there have been no wages increases whatsoever.

All that has happened is that in some industries this year there has been less broken time. The purchasing power of wages is less than it was a year ago.

Nemesis

The trade unions do sometimes know better than our captains of industry.

When the slump came, the unions warned the employers that if they did not keep up their apprenticeship system they would not have enough skilled operatives when prosperity returned.

"Mind your own business. We know best," was the general reply of employers.

Now they are moaning that they have not enough skilled men to cope with a growing volume of orders and that contracts are being lost in consequence.

Baby week

We shall know by next week, which is National Baby Week, exactly how many babies under the age of one year died last year. One thing, however, is certain—that infant mortality will be the lowest in history.

It is estimated provisionally that the figure will be 57 per 1,000, which represents a steady decline from the awful rate of 154 per 1,000 at the turn of the century.

Still high enough, in our opinion, to make the need a tremendous one for seeing that National Baby Week is a success.

The price

There is still one saddening side, however, although there is improvement in that respect, too. The mortality figure is twice as high among illegitimate children, one result of the shaming of the unmarried mother in which many otherwise Christian people persist.

The price for that shaming is paid for in dead babies.

Hospitals, clinics, all the services National Baby Week helps, do things differently. Always they speak to a woman who comes to them before the birth of her child, or with her baby in her arms, as "Mother"—never "Mrs."

Their succour does not countenance shame.

Wed them

British creameries have to allow hundreds of thousands of gallons of separated milk to run to waste, says a bulletin of the Ministry of Agriculture.

The amount of surplus milk being sent to the cheese and chocolate factories at throwaway prices is increasing vastly, say the dairy farmers' organisations.

More than 26 per cent. of homes in the industrial areas never buy a drop of liquid milk from one month's end to the other because of the high retailers' price, says Mr. Tom Johnston, M.P. for Stirling.

Never was there more urgent need for the Milk Board to bring wicked waste and want together.

Peevish?

Last week the Aberdare police court had an Ascot complex.

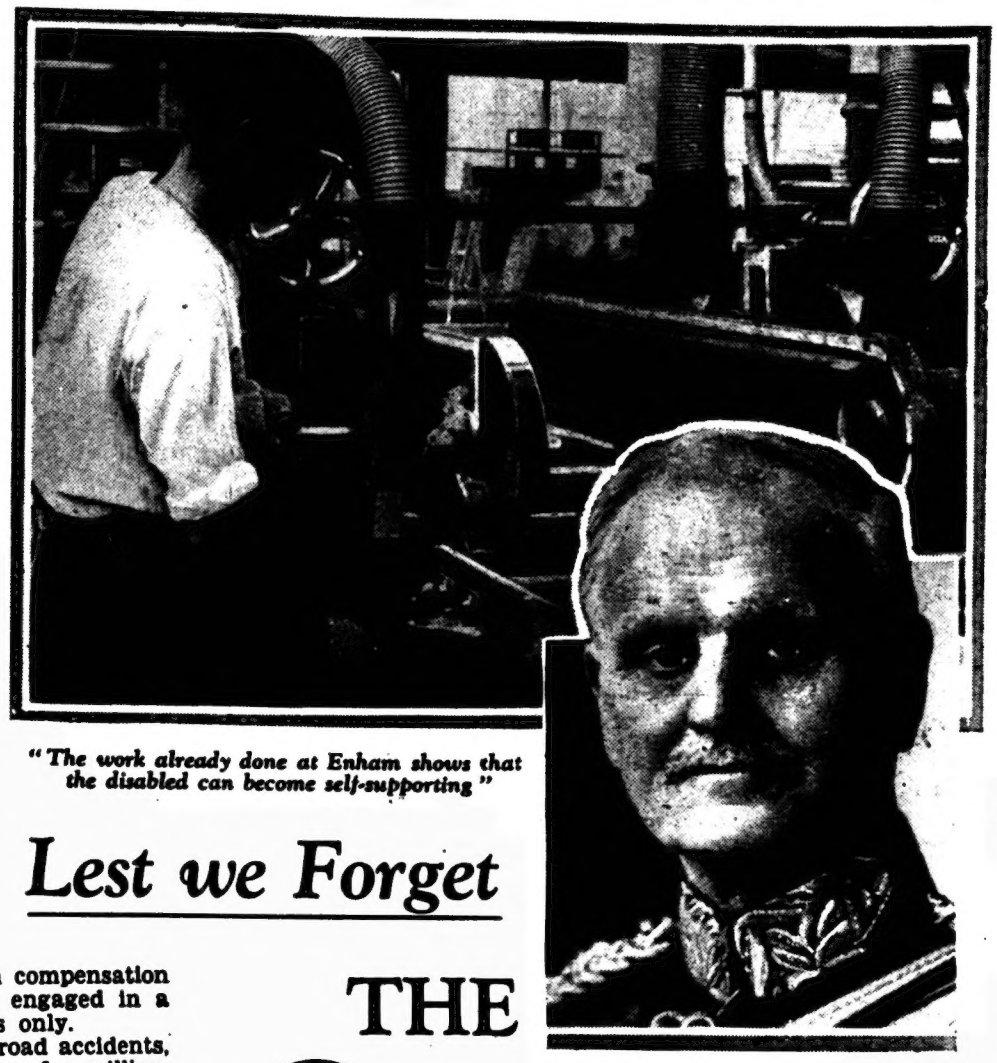
A number of lorry-drivers entered the dock for minor road offences wearing their working overalls, the badge of their trade.

The magistrate fumed and said that if defendants ever came to court again similarly dressed he would refuse to hear the cases.

He would not listen to the explanation that the men had come straight from work and had to return to it at once.

by Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood

President of the Village Centres Council



"The work already done at Enham shows that the disabled can become self-supporting"

Lest we Forget

THE OTHER DISABLED

TO appeal for those disabled in factories, quarries, mines, docks or on the roads was one of the last actions taken by Lord Allenby before his death. He made this appeal as President of the Village Centres Council after the High Court had authorised the extension of the work from "war-disabled" men only, to include peace-disabled as well.

I am proud to take up the work so well begun by my great comrade and old friend, and left so suddenly and so unexpectedly.

The Village Centre movement has always had my sympathy, and I am very sure the application of it to the Other Disabled will, if properly developed, become of real national importance.

The High Court decision opens for us a new era—an era which will, we hope, extend until the scheme enables, not hundreds, but hundreds of thousands, of men, who are now apparently complete wrecks, to become happy, independent, self-supporting members of the community.

I have no official figures to show the full number of those disabled by accidents of various kinds every year. But in a British Medical Association report published last year the sum of four and a half millions was mentioned as having been paid in compensation in one year to over 300,000 men engaged in a group of seven or eight industries only.

That makes no allowance for road accidents, of which there are another quarter of a million, or for those disabled in other occupations.

Obviously, the country is spending large sums of money maintaining disabled people. Can nothing be done to reduce this loss, or to wipe it out altogether? –

OF course it can. But it would mean a revolution in our industrial system. This revolution, I hope, will come about, although, naturally, it could not be accomplished in a day or even in a year.

I believe it would ultimately be to everybody's advantage if industry were divided into two grades: the first grade to be operated by fit workers for profit, the second grade to be operated by and for the unfit, and would aim not so much at making profits as avoiding losses.

In a small way the work which has already been done at Enham Village Centre clearly shows that, if put into favourable surroundings, the war-disabled men have been able, in a big majority of cases, when properly trained, to become self-supporting, or nearly so. The lesson that Papworth Village has shown is the same, only more so.

I feel strongly that there is no better purpose to which we can put this knowledge, gained as the aftermath of war, than to turn it to account in helping all those in civil life who are rendered unemployable.

How can this be done?

First of all, by getting right away from the charity idea. Life has dealt these people a knock-out blow. But, if given the *right opportunity*, they can be brought back into industry as assets, instead of being allowed to drift, as at present, and to become derelicts, and, consequently, a liability.

SECONDLY, we must realise that to *train* a disabled man for some occupation is not enough.

There are many charitable organisations for training the halt, the lame and the blind. But what happens to them when their period of training is over? They are turned out to compete with fit men. Yet this is just essentially what their disabilities prevent them from doing.

All experience of re-educating the disabled has shown beyond question that without up-to-date workshops it is impossible to employ them on anything like a self-supporting basis. After all, when one comes to think of it, this is only common-sense. In ordinary industry, to meet modern competition, the most up-to-date machines are needed, if a business is to thrive.

How much more, then, must these be needed by men who are already handicapped by a physical disability?

WE must not be content with *only training* the unfit. We *must make provision for their employment after they are trained.* At Enham this is exactly what is being done.

The next question is, What shall we train these men to do?

The view generally held is that such people should be taught some simple "craft," and that the articles they make should be sold to sympathetic customers at bazaars and other charity functions.

No treatment could be more devastating.

It is useless to make it a policy to train patients as craftsmen. It is worse than useless, it is wasteful. A man or woman with a natural gift for craftsmanship may succeed in learning one, given a long enough period of apprenticeship. But such natural craftsmen are as rare as natural musicians. To base a whole system on such a scheme is as cruel as it is crazy.

The truth is, that there is a very limited demand for craftsmen, and employers will nearly always choose a fit craftsman in preference to a sub-standard one. The main demand of modern industry is for capable machine-minders. Many disabled men are able to do this work quite satisfactorily.

Among the peace-disabled are many young men. If trained and put to work under suitable conditions, they may look forward to a useful and satisfying life. If handed a lump sum in compensation and left to themselves, they will in most cases drift and go under.

I cannot emphasise too strongly the wide gulf that lies between the two fates—the difference it makes to the disabled to realise that their families will grow up in comfort and security "just like other men."

Printing, upholstery, trunk-making, cabinet-making carpentry, bookbinding, signwriting, building, basketry are all industries which have been proved suitable for unfit workers But poultry farming, market gardening, or farm work of any kind are generally unsuitable.

In organising a "second grade" in industry there are several points which are of vital importance, if the scheme is to succeed.

The first is that the industries must not compete with Grade I industries with any unfair advantage. That is to say, production must not be "subsidised" in any way. All the money put into the scheme must be used to train the men to capitalise the work (a year is the average time necessary), and to pay for care and medical attention. *It must never be used to cut prices.*

There must be no atmosphere of "charity" about the settlement. The men must never be allowed to feel they are receiving charity, which, in fact, they are not. As soon as that happens the best type resent it as hurting their pride, and take the first opportunity to get out, while the worst take advantage and get slack.

Skilled men should be paid full union rates, and unskilled men rates equal to those paid in Grade I industries.

Trade union officials who have, in the interests of their members, investigated the conditions under which men work at Papworth and Enham, have always been satisfied that there was no unfair competition, and have always been sympathetic.

In a good many cases it will not be possible to work disabled men for more than six hours a day, but, in spite of that, workshops can be run on an economic basis, provided interest is not expected on the capital invested.

I would also like to stress a point which is absolutely vital to the success of any village settlement. We owe it to the insight of Sir Pendrill Varrier-Jones, who is really the genius that has made a success of Papworth and Enham.

He saw what nobody else had seen, that all executives—managers, foremen, and so on—should, as far as possible, be disabled men.

Experience has proved that if you put fit men in charge, the industries do not thrive. But if the men in charge also have their physical handicaps, the rank and file learn to feel that there is nothing to prevent them, also, from rising to the top.

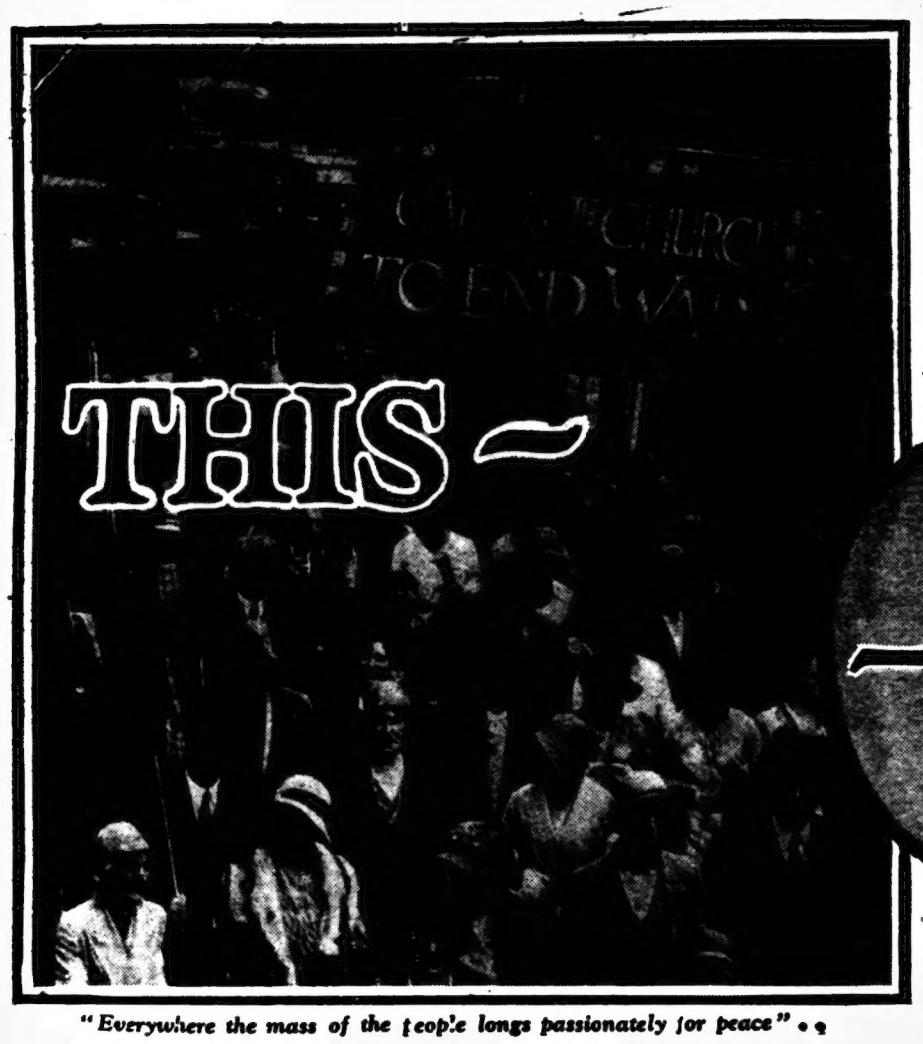
THERE are a few jobs that the unfit cannot fill satisfactorily. Salesmen who go out to get orders have, as a rule, to be outside men, though even here it is possible occasionally to use a disabled man if he has special aptitude for the work and his disability is not too heavy a handicap.

Then, too, if there is no man among the disabled who can fill any post efficiently, one must be brought in from outside, because these industries must be run on strictly business lines.

It is too early for us to say yet just in which direction we shall extend the work first. But there is ample scope. Cripples and neurasthenics alone present a big problem.

We so earnestly trust that not one of these men may be able to feel or say: "Lest I myself become a castaway."

WHO is THIS — —or This



"Everywhere the mass of the people longs passionately for peace"

THE world is in danger, in grave danger, of a new and all-destroying war.

Germany, Italy, Japan, three Great Powers, all threaten the peace, because each of them is discontented and ambitious for expansion; each has (or believes it has) political and economic grievances; each is well armed; each is filled with militarist ideas and militarist teaching.

It is a perilous situation. But even so war is not inevitable.

Whether war comes or not in the next few years is going to depend not just on Hitler or Mussolini or the Japanese militarists. It is going to depend on the peoples of the Governments which want peace.

Now Italy and Germany and Japan may want war: or, at any rate, want things for which, if they see a chance of success, they would be willing to risk war.

But the rest of the world wants peace.

Everywhere the mass of people is longing passionately for peace. It has nothing to hope for from war; everything to lose.

For all the world knows that if there is a "next war" no one and nothing will be safe. It will not be a war of armies trying to defeat armies, but of nations trying to destroy nations—with every loathsome weapon that science has placed at the disposal of war-makers.

The peoples want peace. Last year's Peace Ballot was a tremendous demonstration of the peace-will of the British people. So was last year's General Election: for every single candidate, of every single Party, had to insist, first and last, that he stood for peace.

But the peoples, longing for peace, dreading above everything else the coming of war, are bewildered, knowing what they want, but wondering what to do to get it. And when persistent voices murmur to them that war is coming, that it is inevitable, that there is nothing to be done but to arm and arm and prepare for "the day" they become fatalistic and apathetic.

What are the Governments doing?

They, too, have no wish for war, no need to wish for wars. All their interests are in peace. From war they would have everything to lose, nothing to gain.

Neither Great Britain nor France covets an inch of territory in Europe. Neither Great Britain nor France desires or needs to increase its great colonial Empire.

Soviet Russia, enormous in areas, fantastically rich in resources, is putting all its energy, all its enthusiasm, all its hopes, into the gigantic task of building up a new economic system and a new social order. All it asks of the world is to be left alone.

The small European Powers have no ambitions. The democracies of Scandinavia, of Holland, Belgium and Spain are pacific through and through. Poland, lying dangerously between Germany and Soviet Russia, fears that a new war would devastate her territory, threaten her independence, perhaps lead to a new partition.

Haunting fear

For the smaller States of the East—Baltic Entente, Little Entente, Balkan Entente, Austria—the possibility of war is a haunting fear. They would—because of this weakness, because of their situation—be the first victims. Their independence, their very existence, may depend on the keeping of the peace.

Only, of them all, Hungary and Bulgaria, despoiled by the peace treaties, have grievances and ambitions, might conceivably gain something out of the turmoil of a new war. But Bulgaria is quiet: and Hungary, for all her claims and all her nationalist spirit, is too small and too weak to matter.

So, apart from Germany and Italy—and little Hungary—it is pretty true that the desire and the will and the interest, of all Europe is for peace: for the maintenance of peace.

How, then, with so overwhelming a preponderance for peace, can there be serious danger of war?

The trouble is, and the trouble has been, that the Governments which since 1919 should have been working wholeheartedly and single-mindedly for the organisation of peace, have not been doing so.

There was one policy which should have been pursued unwaveringly, year in and year out—the building-up and strengthening of the League of Nations system.

Because, finally, there is only one way of making quite certain that there will not be another war. And that is the way which is the very basis of the League system.

It is to make it, in advance, so plain to any and every Government that any aggression cannot possibly succeed, because it will be met, not by the forces of one, perhaps feeble, State, but by the combined resistance of an overwhelmingly powerful group.

That is the theory of the League Covenant. It is perfect in theory. But its efficacy depends on three essentials.

First, the power available for use against any aggressor must be so overwhelming that no country dare face it.

Second, it must be certain that it would, if necessary, be used.

Third, a would-be aggressor must know that in advance.

The whole aim of policy in all peace-desiring States, from the moment of the foundation of the League, should have been to make sure that all these conditions were fulfilled.

Had that been done, had the solemn pledges of disarmament been simultaneously carried out, there would be in Europe to-day neither swollen armaments nor risk of war. Peace would have been secure.

But it was not done.

Instead, British Governments showed indifference or dislike to the strengthening of the League system.

Once, indeed, in 1924, there was a serious endeavour to strengthen it, to make it, at any rate in Europe, so powerful and so certain of operation that no State would have dared challenge it. That was the purpose of the "Geneva protocol."

But the first Labour Government, which had helped negotiate it, was turned out of office. Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain would have nothing to do with it. The greatest opportunity was thrown away.

France shares the blame with Britain. For French Governments, which should have been thinking of a general peace, thought always of Germany: devoted their energies to a vain attempt to keep her weak and divided; and, by Ruhr invasions and Rhineland Republics and the rest of it, helped to create those resentments and that aggressive nationalism which has become so menacing. Poincaré was very largely responsible for Hitler.

Great chance

France, too, with her eyes on the Rhine, began the practice of building up alliances to supplement the Covenant: with the ill result that the League, and the whole League system, began to take second place.

Instead of concentrating on the policy of ensuring peace by strengthening the League, the Governments began all the old games of pre-war politics: thinking of particular interests, of particular allies, of particular enemies, of the balance of power; forgetting that the one thing that mattered was peace.

The great chance of the Disarmament Conference was thrown away with both hands.

Japan's aggression in Manchuria was dealt with feebly, half-heartedly,

Concluding

HOW NEAR ARE WE TO WAR?—

by

W. N. EWER

(the authority on Foreign Affairs)

Working for PEACE?

. . . but there is still grave danger of death-dealing machines laying waste our cities

ineffectively. And, as a direct consequence, Japan has become a menace to all the East.

Abyssinia gave a new opportunity: and for a brief spell it seemed as if the old blunders were going to be retrieved: as if the League method was going to be tried and tried effectively, so that all aggressors would be taught, once for all, that aggression will not be allowed to succeed.

But the Laval Government in France hankering after an Italian alliance against Germany, was more than reluctant to do anything really drastic. The Baldwin Government in Great Britain, after a spasm of courage, slid into the Hoare-Laval intrigue.

And then, after months of drift and inaction, came the collapse of Abyssinia and the second betrayal.

The "peaceful" Powers have been guilty of the greatest of all possible follies: the weakening, almost to destruction of the only machine which can effectively safeguard peace. And now, in their folly, they are thinking of weakening it still further, of taking out of the Covenant everything that is a safeguard against war, of turning the League into a mere "talking shop," of relying for security on huge armaments and on alliances and ententes and "regional agreements."

Pacts that fail

It is fashionable now to talk of relying not on the League, but on "regional agreements," under which certain groups of Powers would agree on combined action against particular aggressors in particular regions, in which they have immediate interests.

But that plan has dangerous weaknesses.

First, the power of such a group may be enough to make victory highly probable. But it cannot be overwhelming enough to make aggression by a Great Power unthinkable. And the problem is not to win wars, but to prevent them.

Second, such groups, based on self-interest, are always liable to break up, or break down, when it comes to the point. Bismarck thought his Triple Alliance would guarantee peace and the settlement of 1871.

But it first of all produced an opposition alliance, and then crumbled itself.

Third, such groups, while not preventing war, are only too likely to ensure—as in 1914—that it becomes general.

Against deliberate unprovoked aggression, then, there can be no guarantee except that of an overwhelmingly strong League, whose action would be so certain and so irresistible that no State dare face it.

Scare-mongering

Is war, then, certain, since the League to-day seems unable to stop a deliberate aggression, and since there is no other certain way of stopping it but through the League?

Fortunately, things are not quite so bad as that. Mr. Duff-Cooper announces that the situation to-day is "worse than in 1914"; but Mr. Duff-Cooper admits that he is trying to make our flesh creep so as to get more men and more money for the Army. And anyway, even in 1914 war did not just happen.

So the chances are that if war comes again to Europe it will come not just out of the blue, but over some definite question.

And quite a lot can be done to stop war coming if every effort is made to solve peaceably every problem which might possibly lead to war.

That may be dull and undramatic. Peace-making is an undramatic business. But really at bottom this smoothing out of difficulties and patient settlement of quarrels is the real job of the peacemaker: one of the two functions of the League.

The other function, the job of saying, if necessary, to an aggressor: "Stop, or we will all hit you," is the reserve power, very necessary, but only for use if the worst comes to the worst. The policeman's truncheon is the last, not the only weapon of society.

One of the first things, one of the most essential things, for the prevention of aggression is to see to it that no country can have a plausible pretext for aggresson. That will not necessarily prevent it; but it will make it infinitely more difficult, infinitely less likely.

If war is to be prevented, then, there must always be possibility, a real possibility, of settling grievances and making changes by peaceful means. The most foolish of all policies is to make any nation—and particularly a strong nation—believe that never and in no circumstances can what it regards as a crying injustice be put right except by force. That is to invite trouble.

No sane man can imagine that the particular system set up at Versailles in 1919 will necessarily endure for all time. And just as opposition to all reform is apt to provoke revolutions, so opposition to all revision is apt to provoke war.

There must be opportunity for peaceful revision. There must be opportunity, and fair opportunity, for redress of grievances.

Germany, Italy, Japan all complain bitterly that they are "economically strangled"; that they are shut out from access to raw materials and access to world-markets.

The grievance may not be so acute as propagandists make out. But there is something in it. And to refuse to recognise its reality, to refuse to do anything about it, is to ask for trouble. It is to put at any rate some justice on the side of aggression. Constant denial of economic justice is apt to provoke rioting: and merely to suppress riots, or prevent them by show of overwhelming force, is not the way to ensure permanent peace.

In a word, if we want peace, we—the collective world—must be prepared not only, at need, to enforce it. It must also be ready to do even justice, to redress real grievances, to smooth out quarrels before they reach the stage at which a fight becomes possible.

Who they are

The world, then, is in danger, in grave danger, of a new and all-destroying war. Yet war is not "inevitable." It can be avoided. There is, fundamentally, no reason why it should not be avoided. "What the human intelligence has done the human intelligence can undo."

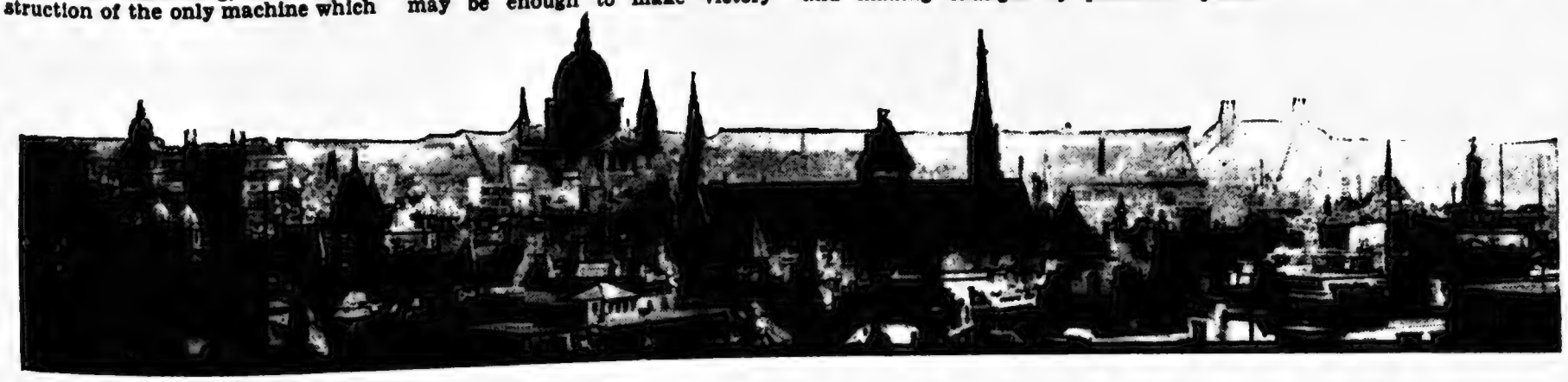
Who, in these perilous days, are those who are really working for peace?

The only people really working for peace are those who, whatever the setbacks, are working to build up a system which will do the two things essential.

The first is a League so strong and so certain of action that no would-be aggressor will dare to face it.

The second is a machinery (which must, in practice, also be the League) which will provide for the peaceful and impartial redress of genuine grievances, and for what an article of the Covenant, which has never been used, calls the "reconsideration of treaties which have become inapplicable."

We have got to have both those things before we can really be sure of peace.



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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

EDEN, *for* SHAME!

Justice for the Poor—a Show Up: The Pensions Snatchers: Dangerous Drugs—for Doctors: A Gold-digger Rebuffed

DEAR MR. EDEN,—You spent seventy-two hours in the seclusion of a country house before you humiliated Great Britain and yourself in the House of Commons.

The course of history has been changed for the worse because you did not detach yourself from your usual friends and spend these three days among the ordinary folk of this land.

If you had done so, the Prime Minister would have had to find someone else to make that speech of abject surrender to Mussolini.

You would have behaved as the brave and resolute young statesman that most of the nation believed you to be and would have resigned from office rather than be the instrument which has brought your country to its knees before the tyrant of Europe and Africa.

This much can be said for you. No doubt you acted as you did out of loyalty to your Chief. You chose the harder path, for, had you resigned, you would have become a public hero.

* * *

A simple question comes naturally to the mind of your fellow citizens after your grovelling submission to the Fascist doctrine of hideous death and rape.

It is: What would be your reaction if gunmen and bandits became a menace to the social life of *this* country and, shirking the issue with them, your colleague the Home Secretary made a compact which absolved the terrorists, allowed them to keep their plunder, and freed them from future police reprisals?

Wouldn't you revolt with shame and degradation?

Estimate these feelings a thousandfold and you have the measure of contempt and dismay which is in the hearts of vast numbers of your countrymen to-day.

You have not only put a knife in the back of the League of Nations, but have put your country in the position of a coward cringing at an oppressor's boots.

You will be asked next to lick those boots when Mussolini makes his demand, as he intends to do, that the League shall humbly reverse its first verdict upon him and now declare his aggression and frightful war methods to have been justified.

If you are to be logical, you must also agree to suffer this greater humiliation.

* * *

The price of cowardice is extinction. Certainly the Government which is to blame and which has caused you to commit this sin against world peace would be extinguished to-morrow if the voice of the nation could be heard.

I refuse to be discouraged, although you have so humbled my name. When your name is a blot in the book of history, the League of Nations will be a living and a prevailing force.

JOHN BULL.

In burying sanctions you humiliated your country and yourself

Mr. CHARLES MUIR,
Barrister-at-Law

DEAR SIR,—I believe that your book, "Justice in a Depressed Area," heralds a legal revolution.

You have drawn from your experience in the north-east in depicting the harshness with which the administration of justice can affect the poor and the extent to which it is contaminated in local justices' courts by the class-feeling arising from the factory system.

In your next volume go further afield. You will find that you are engaged in the exposure of a scandal which is nation-wide.

The evil of the packing of the benches by vanity-ridden and class-biased J.P.s cannot be lessened until each is presided over by a man or woman of legal and judicial experience.

More power to your pen.

JOHN BULL.

Sir MURDOCH MACDONALD,
House of Commons

DEAR SIR,—Your logic passes understanding. You are out to resist the commercial development of the Highlands because "the deer forests are one of the assets of Scotland."

Very little labour is ever employed on them, but you state you look forward to the time when the United States is on its feet again and the playboys of that country can come back to pay big shooting rents to titled landlords.

Not very public spirited in this year of grace.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. DUFF-COOPER,
War Minister

DEAR SIR,—I am not at all disturbed by your panic-mongering and bellicose platform stunts, which are clearly intended to open the back door to conscription by compelling young unemployed men either to join the Army or to forfeit unemployment benefit.

Every sensible person ridicules your statement that it is the duty of those in authority to scare the people of this country out of their wits.

But I challenge you in your next speech to declare whether you are saying these things with the authority of Mr. Baldwin and the Cabinet. If not, a change of air is prescribed for you. We are having an over-ration of Army Duff.

JOHN BULL.

Miss FLORENCE TELFORD,
Monkseaton

MADAM,—Your sex must be ashamed of you. With your unsuccessful gold-digging expedition in the High Court, you have put another nail in the coffin of the breach of promise law.

Nothing could be more disgusting than the spectacle of a wild-tempered woman, suspicious and jealous, trying to make commercial gain out of her vindictiveness.

You told the man to whom you were engaged to "get to hell out of it." Judge and jury told you, in politer language, to do the same.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—A Birmingham woman has lost her life because her doctor did not know that a new drug for the relief of rheumatoid arthritis which had been supplied to him contained carbolic acid.

The medical man was in no way to blame. The fault is that the Home Office regulations regarding the declaration of constituents of new drugs recommended to doctors are not sufficiently precise and protective.

If doctors had the least suspicion of the deadly contents of this one, they would not, of course, use it.

JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
College of Obstetricians Council

SIR,—Your courage and humanity should enlighten public administration. Asked by the National Birthday Trust Fund to formulate a diet for expectant mothers at 5s. a week, you have refused to allow the name of your College to be associated with any such pitiful proposal.

Instead, you have drawn up a detailed diet at 10s. a week and declare that even that is not sufficient.

When the Medical Research Council and public assistance authorities follow your lead, maternal and infantile mortality will no longer mock our sense of social welfare.

JOHN BULL.

EDWARD LAWRENCE,
Brixton Prison

CHEAT,—More than once I have had to warn the generous public against your begging-letter writing activities. Now the charitable-minded are out of danger from you for twenty-one months.

In five years, to my knowledge, you, as a one-legged man, have collected at least £5,000 to meet the cost of an artificial limb which you have not yet bought.

Not a bad achievement for a minor crook!

JOHN BULL.

Alderman ALFORD COOK,
Mayor of Dunstable

YOUR WORSHIP,—You and your council are perturbed because your town possesses no public war memorial. After all, this time you regard it as a slight which must be removed immediately.

None of us forget those who gave their lives to their country, but I do suggest that after this long delay your ratepayers' money would be better spent on something to relieve distress and suffering than in vain ornamental testimony to the dead.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. WINNINGTON INGRAM,
Bishop of London

MY LORD,—It's never too late to learn. You are in your seventy-ninth year and, after visiting a coal mine, have told the Church Assembly that you have never been in a dirtier, filthier or more dangerous place.

I am only sorry you didn't stay long enough to convince yourself also of the cheapness of labour and life; but many of your brethren would have dubbed you as a revolutionary if you had brought that kind of first-hand information to them.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Do find time to give thought to a matter which sorely troubles thousands of elderly folk every week. They are those in receipt of old age and other pensions who have to enter hospitals or similar institutions. The practice has spread until it is now general of seizing their pension vouchers and the money for their maintenance.

I agree that even in municipal hospitals some kind of patients' means test has become necessary, but the confiscation of the only income of the aged poor is really going too far.

JOHN BULL.

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

CITY SIRENS

THE business man is full of soul,
A poet's soul has he,
Unlike the miner chipping coal,
Or blokes who stoke at sea.
Those letters: "Sir, we beg to state"—
So spare and chaste in style—
The business man could ne'er dictate
Unhelped by beauty's smile!

Prospectuses would lack that touch
That gets the public's "dough,"
And balance-sheets reveal too much,
'Twere best we should not know.
If it were not that, when their bonds
Depress and ledgers tire them,
Their authors have around them blondes
Whose job is to inspire them!

After reading reports of the National Conference on Commercial Education, held at Bournemouth, blondes and brunettes immured in offices may well decide that it is time they mounted ladders to discuss the subject of their remuneration.

Hitherto the theory has been that they earn their stipends by banging typewriters and brewing tea, but it seems that they have much more important functions. "London business men," the conference was informed, "cannot do inspiring work unless they are surrounded by beautiful typists."

This calls up a vision of a City magnate enshrined like an Eastern potentate among languishing lovelies, while he grapples with the problem of whether to begin his new epic "Yours of even date to hand" or "In reply to your esteemed favour."

Apparently his typist is to the business man what his muse is to the poet. It is from her presence that a Shakespeare of finance receives those flashes of inspiration which enable him to transmute dross (in the form, say, of dud mining shares) into gold.

This being so, it is not surprising that City gentlemen prefer blondes. What really is surprising is that business colleges have shown so little appreciation of the real needs of business Napoleons in preparing female students for a City career.

Does it matter whether a stenographer knows the difference between a "con" dot and a "shun" hook as long as she can use her lipstick in an inspiring manner? Who cares if a typist operates the shift key with her thumb if she can produce a carbon copy of Marlene Dietrich's smile?

Indeed, if Noel Coward's Mrs. Worthington wishes to do her best by her daughter, she should have her so trained that she may obtain a post as some business man's inspiration.

In reply to yours, dear Mrs. Worthington:
Please don't put your daughter on the stage!
If the girl is rather pretty,
Send her promptly to the City,
Where she's much more likely to become the rage!

If she's learning typing, Mrs. Worthington,
Do not waste your coin like this, I pray!
You will find it's far, far better
For dear Kitty if you let her
Take a course in beauty culture straight away!

Where "bulls" and "bears" forgather,
Mrs. Worthington,
Your girl can be of service to the State;
If she smiles with zeal untiring,
She may end up by inspiring
The biggest pepper merger up to date!

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Sparkling purity, fine flavour, wholesomeness– that's why beer has been the considered choice of generations of Englishmen

147

The BATTLE for the Three Millions

—by—

A. G. GARDINER

BACK to Unemployment and the Means Test. That question has been in cold storage for two years, but with the publication of the Unemployment Assistance Board's report Parliament must come to grips with it boldly and without delay.

Let us look at the problem in as dry a light as we can.

The establishment of the Unemployment Insurance in 1920 was one of the most fortunate strokes of policy in our political history. It came just in time to anticipate the post-war depression, and threw up a breakwater against the impact of that tidal wave which warded off what might have been a domestic catastrophe.

It stood the shock well. How well we may judge by the contrast between what happened in this country and what happened in the United States, which was wholly unprepared for the calamity.

But it was shaken to its foundations by the economic crash of 1930-1. The demands that crash made upon the system put a strain upon the breakwater beyond its resistance. Its resources were unequal to the strain and vast borrowings from the Treasury—that is, the taxpayer—threatened it with financial collapse on a self-supporting basis.

Temporary expedient

In this emergency, Public Assistance Committees were set up all over the country to decide what an unemployed person who had run out of benefit needed, and the Exchequer paid the cost.

But the expedient was temporary and inefficient. It meant that millions of public money were being administered by local authorities who had no responsibility for its provision, and who exercised their powers in the most conflicting ways. Thus Jones on one side of the street might get substantially more (or less) than Brown on the other, simply because they came under different authorities.

To deal with these and similar anomalies the Government, in 1934, set up the Unemployment Assistance Board. Its task was to work out a system of relief that should apply to the whole country alike, and should be based on the need of the applicant and the household ordinarily dependent on him. A condition imposed on the Board was that it should adopt the Household Principle as the basis of its administration—*i.e.*, the Means Test.

Before coming to the proposals which the Board now puts forward, it is necessary to understand the scope of its task.

It is when we come to the Means Test that we scent trouble . . .

It has nothing to do with the unemployed who are "in benefit." It is concerned with (*a*) 800,000 transitional cases, that is, applicants who have passed out of benefit, and (*b*) 200,000 able-bodied non-insurable workers.

Together, these two classes, with their dependents, number some 3,000,000 persons. It is this mass of poverty and misfortune that represents the problem.

Another point has to be borne in mind. When the Board was set up a storm arose over the Means Test, which led to the fall of the Minister involved and to the passing of a Standstill Act. This provided that, during the operation of the Act, an applicant must be paid either an allowance according to the Regulations, or a sum equal to the transitional payments he would have received from the old local Public Assistance authority—whichever was the higher. Thus the real crux of the problem was side-stepped—for the time being.

Now as to the fruits of the first year's working of the Board. They are before us in a Blue Book of 300 odd pages. It is packed with information, presents the picture of a new machine working with sympathy and elasticity to produce a uniform system of relief, and does not err on the side of modesty.

Revelations

I don't say it puts its case too high. Through the great organisation it has built up, with its 300 area and district offices manned by a staff of over 6,000 persons, it has achieved much.

The light which, through its representatives, it throws on the social condition of the country is invaluable. The revelations, for example, of the horrifying housing conditions of multitudes of the poor should do much to speed up action in this great matter.

On the facts, the administration is functioning well and humanely. It is exercising wide powers of discretion in adjusting relief to the individual needs of the case. It has increased the scale rate for extra nourishment to a delicate member of a family in 38,000 cases. In 21,000 cases additional relief has been given to families compelled to live in a house above the basic rent scale. And in 70,000 other cases exceptional treatment has been given for such reasons as general impoverishment, the claims of the aged, the provision of tools and help to families struggling to give a promising child educational opportunities.

All this is to the good and in the right spirit. So, too, is the record of the ways in which the staff of the Board is using its influence to bring the helpless poor into touch with the various social services, voluntary and statutory, which are able to assist them in their necessity. The poorer people are the less they are familiar with the social services which are at their command.

Great possibilities

I see in this new mechanism of relief an instrument with great possibilities for organising all the humane activities of society into a whole that will touch the most neglected and forlorn.

I daresay there is another side to the picture. It would be strange if there were not. All officials have not the Good Samaritan touch. But there are safeguards present or in contemplation.

There are 130 Appeal Tribunals which should be a bulwark against injustice, and there are to be set up voluntary Advisory Committees which will keep a watchful eye on officialism. They should have been set up already and I am not impressed by the reasons for the delay. But in any case they are now being formed.

It is when we come to the Means Test that we scent trouble in Parliament and in the country.

The Board does not make any apologies for the scales of December, 1934, which led to the revolt then and to the passing of the temporary Standstill Act. It enunciates the principle that "where there are large family resources the responsibility of the earning members is obvious; when resources are small the responsibility is proportionately relieved."

It gives much space to examples of the abuse of relief under the Standstill Act—such as "An applicant lives with his father and mother and six brothers and sisters, all at work. The household earnings are £10 4s. weekly, and with the Transitional Payment of 17s. paid to the applicant the family income amounts to £11 1s. per week."

And it concludes these illustrations with the remark: "The above examples reveal gross abuses for which there can be no justification."

It is apparent from this that the Board stands firmly for the Household Principle, the principle of the obligations of the family within itself, as the basis of the new regulations governing Transitional benefits.

It is upon this issue that the coming battle will be fought.

The Human Machine

HIT HIGH!

THERE is no real solid pleasure in doing what you know you can do perfectly before ever you begin it. Pleasure, mental and spiritual satisfaction, is always the result of conquest. You can get the better of other people, you can win victories over things, you can conquer yourself—it is all the same.

The pleasure that results is because of achievement, because you have done something that you had thought difficult, if not impossible. You like yourself because you have proved yourself to be a better man than you thought you were.

People who never try anything difficult, anything that looks a bit beyond their powers are missing some of the best fun in life. "You never know what you can do till you try" is more than just a trite saying. It's an invitation to help yourself to a glow of satisfaction that you can't get in any other way.

You never do know what you can do till you try. That's why you should always be trying to do something a little bigger, a little better, a little harder than you have ever done before.

If you fail—what harm have you done? You've at least had the fun of trying. But if you succeed you'll have the sensation of the purest pleasure you have ever known or are ever likely to know—until you do it again.

Can you imagine, even dimly, what the first people to climb Mount Everest will feel like, if ever anyone succeeds in that most hazardous of all adventures? Of course you can.

Then why not have a go every day at some little Everest of your own? Why not try to get for yourself some of that feeling of satisfaction at a difficulty overcome, an obstacle surmounted, a hidden source of strength being discovered?

Unless you do, you're wasting your life shirking opportunities.

Something New

Thrilling Real Life Serial Story

Begins Next Week

(*See page 26*)

If You Are A

THIN

WEAK-LOOKING MAN

whose body looks like "two deal boards" with sunken cheeks and a "tired" appearance, test "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder for 7 days and see how you can soon be proud of

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NERVY

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THE KING THIS WEEK ~ by John DRINKWATER

His Majesty *at* HOME

KING EDWARD was not at Ascot, and his absence deprived that social event of half of its effect.

A friend of mine has a housekeeper who announced to him on the first morning of the classic meeting that the King was staying away because in her unexpected phrase, he was "rank Labour."

The charlady, knowing of the King's very active sympathy with the hardest-driven class of his subjects, concluded that His Majesty cut Ascot out because he had no use for the white toppers and the mannequin parade that survive in an international sea of trouble.

There was some wisdom in her view, but she missed the plain fact that the King stayed away from Ascot on account of Court mourning. His interest in the best parade of racing stock in the world was shown by the private visit that he made on the eve of the meeting to inspect the latest improvements to the course and its accommodation.

Court mourning means, too, that the King will not take part this year in Cowes week.

★ ★ ★

THE charlady - housekeeper's opinion would be fortified by the King's inspection this week of the training centres for unemployed at Slough and Acton. As usual, he allowed no special preparations to be made for his visit, and he saw the work being carried on under ordinary routine conditions.

These men from depressed areas, working with a new hope, were quick to realise that the King had come to see them in no formal spirit, but with deep sympathy for the effort being made to get on terms with life again.

As the King stopped to speak to several of them on his rounds, it was always on a note of friendly interest and quiet encouragement from one man to another. When this sort of thing happens with the King's prestige behind it, the effect is incalculable. And it happens every week.

★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH the King did not attend Ascot, he kept his week at the height of the London season as free as possible from public engagements in order to entertain his friends.

Nevertheless, even in a week when his public appearances are few, the almost hourly claims of business at Buckingham Palace allow the King very little uninterrupted leisure.

We read on one day that Mr. Baldwin had an audience of the King, that Sir Samuel Hoare kissed hands on his appointment to the Admiralty, that Mr. MacDonald was received, that the Hon. Oswald Pirow, South African Minister of Defence, was received, that Sir Percy Lorain, on leave from his Turkish embassage, was received, that Lord Baden Powell, the Chief Scout, back from a tour of Africa, was received.

The record is read in a brief paragraph, but it represents a solid morning's work of concentrated attention. Each caller has his own interests, his own problems to present.

The King refuses to treat any of them perfunctorily. Whatever his caller's business may be, the King can discuss it against a background of information and experience. In the affairs of our time his education probably has a wider range than that of anyone else in his Empire.

To read a list of the King's engagements for any given week is, indeed, to wonder how he can enjoy any private life at all.

To read a list of the King's engagements is to wonder how he can enjoy any private life at all

Here his gift for organisation stands him in good stead. The day is carefully planned so that such intervals of leisure as are possible may be used to the fullest advantage. The King is, in fact, as enthusiastic in his private as in his public interests.

Facilities for his entertainment have to be immediately available, and the King has had cinema apparatus fitted up at both York House and Fort Belvedere, in the ballroom at the former and in the library at the latter. Under the King's direction the installation for screen and sound has been so arranged as to be in permanent position without unsightliness.

On both sets full-sized films can be shown, and from the selection submitted to him the King usually manages to see two or three each week. His preference is for news and travel films, but he has a fancy, too, for the thriller type of drama in which the screen excels.

Usually the King invites a few friends to join him at these private shows, but more than once lately he has had to take an unexpected hour when it came along, and sit through his choice by himself.

Once in a while since his accession the King has managed to slip unnoticed into a picture-house for an hour, but these occasions are rare. All the latest pictures, however, are available for his private screens. Incidentally, he is himself an expert operator, and delights to act as showman for the films of his own taking.

When the spare interval i a matter not of an hour, but minutes, and there is no time for a film, a gramophone is always handy

The King likes the rhythms of the famous dance bands, but not infrequently his mood is for one of the classical records. Neither the lightest nor the most serious music is excluded from his taste. After a private dinner party recently he enjoyed a short programme of world masterpieces as thoroughly as any of his fellow-guests.

★ ★ ★

IN his recreations generally, indeed, the King reveals himself as a cosmopolitan man of the world, in touch with the general mind of his time.

In nothing is this shown more clearly than in his reading. He looks over the newspapers with his morning tea, making a brief précis of the news in his mind, taking note of all political views expressed in the leaders, and not neglecting the letters of the man in the street to the editor.

Apart from those that he buys, a large parcel of books is sent weekly to the King from one of the libraries. Distributed about the rooms of his various houses may be found volumes partly read and marked for further attention.

He is a serious student of biography and, like many serious students, he finds agreeable relaxation in detective fiction. To this, however, he applies rather severe standards. A story that fails to keep him guessing after the first few chapters is discarded without ceremony, but when the problem is a really pretty one he shares the common impatience to get on with it.

An acute observer, happening to see His Majesty leaving York House a day or two ago for Fort Belvedere by car, noticed a mystery novel hastily stuck among his luggage, with a book-marker almost at the end. The end was doubtless known on the road.

★ ★ ★

BESIDES his occasional round of golf, the King has managed lately to get a game or two of squash at the Bath Club. Here, as at the Marlborough, he is of necessity seen a good deal less frequently than he was as Prince of Wales, but the old associations are by no means dropped.

His Majesty, in other circumstances of life, would have been a very "clubbable" man. The Garrick cherishes the memory of its centenary dinner which, to everybody's delight, he attended as Prince of Wales on the undertaking that he was there strictly as a private member. He at once put a large gathering of the most sophisticated men in London completely at their ease.

★ ★ ★

I AM told that the King intends to fly to Vimy Ridge for the dedication of the Canadian War Memorial in July, and further, that the announcement of his visit has caused deep satisfaction throughout the great Western Dominion.

When the time comes it will be found that, under the King's auspices, the presiding spirit of this memorable day will be not War but Peace.

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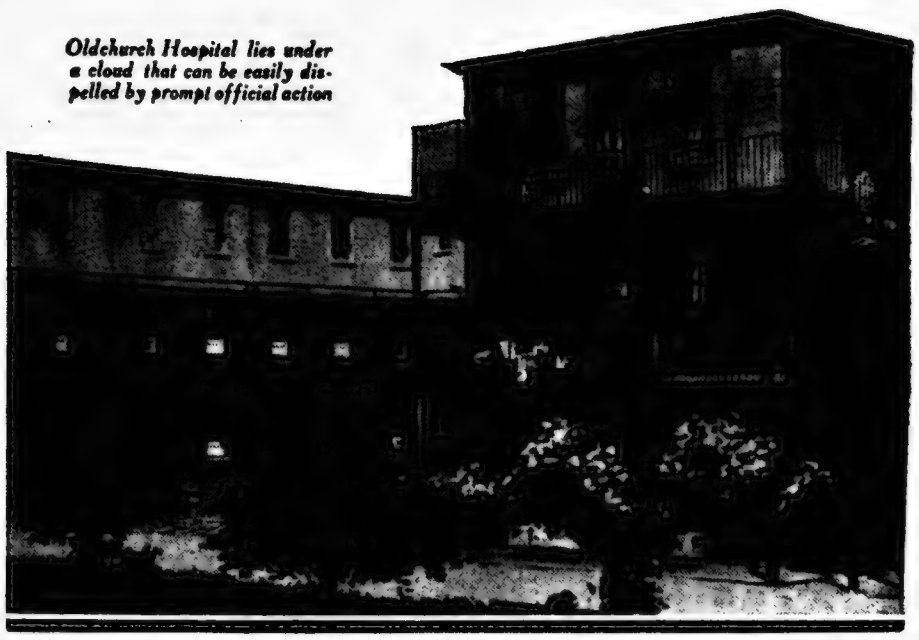
DID you cut out the special coupon in the Preservene advertisement which appeared in last week's issue? If not, do so now. 14 wrappers from bars of Preservene Soap, and the coupon, will entitle you to a beautiful free gift—either a white hemstitched pillow-case, or a fancy coloured bath towel, or a fancy coloured apron. Start collecting to-day, and state which gift you would like, giving your name and address to Preservene, Ltd., Dept. B.8, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A HOSPITAL *Parents* DREAD



Oldchurch Hospital lies under a cloud that can be easily dispelled by prompt official action

ON a question of hospital administration and the treatment of patients an amazing controversy has arisen in the County of Essex.

The matter is one which indirectly affects every ratepayer in Britain.

For the point at issue is: How far, and in what manner, may a local urban district council criticise the conduct of a county hospital?

Or, in other words, dare a district council impugn the authority of its superior county council?

It will be appreciated—when we have revealed the full facts of this remarkable case—that the problem is one of vital public importance, calling for the immediate intervention and decision of the Ministry of Health.

Situated at Romford, Essex, in former workhouse buildings, is the great Oldchurch Hospital. It is the largest general hospital in the county, providing accommodation for more than 850 patients, and serving the needs of an ever-growing suburban area on the east side of London.

Modernised

The hospital is controlled entirely by the Essex County Council, although a majority of its patients come from Romford, Dagenham, Brentwood and Ilford.

In every way the hospital has been improved to meet modern needs, and it is indeed, in many respects, a fine establishment.

Yet for months past complaints against the hospital have been lodged with the Romford Urban District Council. These accumulated complaints go back to the year 1934.

Lately the allegations against the hospital reached such a pitch that they formed the subject of a full-dress debate by the Romford District Council.

For, remember, the hospital *is in Romford*, and therefore Romford feels it has a particular concern for the reputation of the hospital, although having no part in the government of the institution.

As a result of this discussion evidence of the grievances was laid before the County Council, but the only result was that the Essex County Council told the Romford District Council in plain language to mind its own business!

Wordy dispute

The Clerk to the County Council, under instructions, wrote to the Romford Council in these terms:

"My committee are amazed that the Urban District Council, a body with a long record of local government service, advised by an experienced clerk . . . should, in a matter in which they have no jurisdiction, have assumed the mantle of judge and have convicted the responsible authority upon a purely ex-parte statement."

Quite obviously accusations reflecting on a public rate-maintained hospital cannot be overlaid in a wordy dispute between local authorities.

Therefore JOHN BULL has conducted an enquiry into the general complaints affecting the Oldchurch Hospital, Romford.

Without doubt, there is in the district a widespread dread of this hospital.

People in ill-health - particularly women—would rather go anywhere than to the Oldchurch Hospital.

"Don't send me to Oldchurch" is a common remark of patients.

Some two years ago, when such complaints were accumulating, the Romford District Council petitioned the County Council to receive a deputation in relation to the hospital. The County Council refused this request on the ground that no useful purpose would be served thereby.

Patients who have undergone treatment in the hospital join together in declaring that they suffered intolerably because the establishment is understaffed. Among other things, they state that there is frequently painful delay in the necessary service to suffering people lying in bed.

Washing of the patients appears to be spasmodic. One woman avowed that she lay in bed without a complete body wash for a whole month, and there are instances of patients going more than a week without such cleaning.

One woman was so disgusted with affairs at the hospital that she wrote to her husband declaring that unless he came and fetched her away she would "walk out, clothes or no clothes."

There are statements that patients—*when* they are to be washed—are made to lie for lengthy periods stripped naked on their beds without adequate covering.

Nurses attending to sorely afflicted patients are repeatedly called away to attend to other jobs.

Not long ago a girl, working at a factory in Romford, met with an accident, and her hand was badly crushed. She was taken to the Oldchurch Hospital—a public institution—only to be told that she could not be admitted as she had not been referred there by a doctor.

Intervention of a local councillor was necessary before the poor girl was accepted as a patient.

Although the hospital is supported from the rates charges are made to certain patients.

Extra charges

Before us is the case of a working woman who needed admission to the maternity ward of the hospital. She was informed that the charge would be £3 a week—an impossible sum for her husband to meet.

Rendered desperate by her need, this woman promised that she would do her best to meet the hospital bill. Eventually, after discharge, she found that she could not make the payments, and she was sued on behalf of the Essex County Council for a sum of £10.

So the stories about this hospital go on, one after the other; suggestions of under-staffing and consequent hardship to the suffering; allegations of red tape and rigid officialdom.

And the Essex County Council—in its full dignity—returns the answer to criticism, "We are quite satisfied that everything is all right."

Most emphatically *everything is not all right* in the minds of the thousands of working-class people living in the vicinity of the Oldchurch Hospital; people who are physically frightened that they may some day have to go as patients to that public institution.

It is imperative, from all points of view, that the allegations against the hospital should be investigated by a proper tribunal nominated by the Minister of Health.

At present a stigma rests on the hospital. It is unfair to the medical and nursing staff that the institution for which they work so hard should remain under a cloud. Doctors and nurses have rights in the controversy as well as members of the public.

Only by an enquiry can the air be cleared. And only the Essex County Council objects to such a court.

Witnesses are ready to come forward with chapter and verse for their statements.

An enquiry into the affairs of the Oldchurch Hospital, Romford, must be ordered.

DEADLY *Widow* IN BLACK

Fashionable Torquay, which the misleading widow recently made her hunting ground

A MIDDLE-AGED woman dressed always in black, and who drives her own car, is busy just now defrauding people in all parts of the country.

She works in a most enterprising way, and "sob stories" are her forte.

As Dorothy Gleeson, she stayed recently at a hotel at Torquay, and spent a great deal of her time in the writing room. She appeared to be very sad and preoccupied, and many sensed that she was nursing some secret sorrow.

In the lounge one day she spoke to an elderly lady whom she had discovered possessed private means, and wept quietly as she explained that she had recently suffered a double bereavement. Her husband, a solicitor, and her only son had both been killed in a motor crash.

With the air of one finding relief in telling of her grief, she produced some newspaper cuttings which dealt with the tragedy.

Although the sympathetic listener did not realise it, Mrs. Dorothy Black had only herself seen the account of the solicitor's death by the merest chance, but had seized on it as an opportunity for practising her deceit.

She was, of course, not related at all to the deceased lawyer, and her pose as a tragic widow was assumed for the occasion.

Later in the day she got into conversation with the other woman again, saying that, until things were settled, she was in temporary financial difficulties.

"I have been left between £10,000 and £15,000 under my husband's will," she said, "but I cannot get any of it until my legal advisers in London have cleared everything up. His affairs seem to be in a bit of a muddle, somehow, and I feel too ill to go to town to hurry a settlement."

So, on the following day, she borrowed £50, and, within the next week or two, obtained further substantial sums until an "allowance on account" came through.

Then, when the victim was beginning to grow suspicious, the charming and pathetic widow disappeared, leaving a large hotel bill unpaid and several debts in the neighbourhood.

Even the car she had been driving about, it was found, had been obtained from a London firm on credit terms with a cheque which was subsequently dishonoured.

With similar stories about the deaths of her husband or children this woman has obtained large sums of money from people in Hull, Leicester, South Shields, Blackpool, Exeter, Westward Ho!, Dorchester, Birmingham, Scarborough, Hereford, Leamington Spa—and a host of other places.

Clergymen, philanthropists, shrewd business men and even solicitors are among her dupes.

On one occasion she obtained nearly £100 from a lawyer whom she "instructed" to claim compensation respecting her late beloved "husband's" death.

She has never been married or had any children, but has been living constantly by her wits since the war ended. Although, for past offences, she has been several times to jail, including one spell of three years, she has been "on the run" since April of last year, and many warrants are now out for her arrest.

So if she crosses your path, and tries to cry her way into your sympathies—and pockets—just call the nearest policeman. He'll know how best to dry her eyes!

Cases from my Notebook . . . . .

HER INDIGESTION WAS DUE TO HER GASTRIC NERVE

CASE NO:.....8123.
"Its this terrible indigestion Mrs Brown Such a sharp burning pain here and awful flatulence"
"You should go and see.... He absolutely cured my headacher."
"Have you had the indigestion long Mrs. Winter?"
"Years, and also I feel so weak and shaky"
"The trouble Mrs Winter is due to your stomach NERVES. They are weak and disordered Your nerves work every part of your body including your digestive organs. Until you strengthen your Nerves. you will never digest your food properly. Take these Tablets 3 Times Daily"
The Gastric Nerve
"Why my dear, what a difference in a week, you are a new woman"
"Yes, my indigestion has quite gone, I am ever so well thanks to Dr Cassells Tablets"
REMARKS.....
Now eats anything

I know how many thousands of lives are ruined by that terrible trouble Indigestion and that is why I am publishing the case of Mrs. Winter. It is typical of what numberless men and women suffer. Every mealtime is spoilt by that malign trouble with its symptoms of Flatulence, Stomach Pain, Acidity, Heartburn, etc. They are never free from some form of suffering. The trouble is caused not by their stomach but by their nerves!

STOP TREATING SYMPTOMS AND GET AT THE CAUSE!

That is the slogan I wish to impress upon you! If you are suffering from any form of Poor Health, then do not hesitate an instant but begin AT ONCE to take the remedy which all the World knows as Dr. Cassells Tablets. As your whole Nervous System is strengthened and every other part of your body benefits, you will be delighted and amazed at the tremendous change in your feelings.

You will face the world with a New Confidence and cheerfulness. Your Vitality will return, your Pains will Vanish, every minute of every day will disclose some new interest and new joy in life.

Index of NERVE SYMPTOMS

There are thousands of nerves in your body. Some are as fine as a thread; others are more than two inches round. When your nerves are worn out you have to give up. Never neglect your nerves! Watch for these signs:

HEADACHES	INDIGESTION	SCIATICA
BACKACHE	NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	DEPRESSION
IRRITABILITY		PALPITATION
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS	HYSTERIA

Keep your nerves healthy, well-nourished, with Dr. Cassells Tablets, and you will be master of them.

"..now I enjoy every meal!"

Nervous indigestion is only one sign of general nerve exhaustion. It does not matter where the pain is, in your head (your Trigeminal Nerve), in your back (your Lumbar Nerve), or in your leg (your great Sciatic Nerve). All nerve pains are warnings that your nervous system is exhausted and on the verge of complete breakdown. You need a complete course of treatment—Dr. Cassells Tablets for your nerves. Dr. Cassells Tablets are a marvellous prescription based on the discoveries of Medical Science and Neurology. They are a curative agent for all disorders consequent on a devitalised condition of the nerves.

Fair-play Offer!

To make a trial, get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied, send it to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned in full at once.

PRICES 6D., 1/3, 3/- AND 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

WHY JOIN *the Milestone* CLUB?

Motorists have many champions in these days, the latest being the Milestone Club whose badge is reproduced (right)

Weekly Informations by Sir Wyndham Childs

THERE seems to be no end to the innumerable attempts which are made to help motorists in some way or other.

Constantly I receive reports of new efforts on the part of enterprising individuals to safeguard the interests of the great motoring community. There is undoubtedly a present phase of "mothering the motorists."

But, as I have pointed out before, why motorists generally should wish to go beyond the ranks of the Royal Automobile Club, with its county associate bodies, the Automobile Association, the Order of the Road, and other such long-established organisations I cannot understand.

Now I will introduce the latest motoring organisation, the Milestone Club, operating under the motto, "Mileage driven is the only true criterion to motoring experience."

From the literature before me, I learn that the Milestone Club has been established "to encourage caution, courtesy and safety on the roads by banding together careful and experienced motorists, and providing them with a badge of recognition."

Admirable

An admirable objective; although I remember reading something very like that in connection with other motoring movements.

Membership of the Milestone Club is limited to motorists who can vouch for having driven at least 50,000 miles, and have never had their licences endorsed. Such endorsements, however, as speed limit and parking offences *may* be waived at the discretion of the club proprietors.

Badge of the club is a tasteful little milestone carrying upon it the figure of 50,000 or any greater distance the member has covered on the roads by car. The subscription is 10s. a year, with an entrance fee of the same amount.

Efforts to gain members for the club have been carried out in rather a curious way.

A man by the name of P. A. T. Campbell, of Kensington Court Gardens, London, has sent out broadcast to householders, whom he does not know personally, letters in the following terms:

"I am writing this letter as from one experienced motorist to another. I have often thought that an association of drivers with true road-sense would be of value as a force able to express the opinion of those who ought to be heard. Then a friend told me of the Milestone Club, which has been formed to band together drivers like ourselves. This club seemed to embody my own ideas of what is required, and I joined it."

Subsequently, Mr. Campbell mentions that through the club's insurance brokers he has saved £2 12s. 5d. per annum on his car insurance premium.

Perhaps it is well to point out that Mr. Campbell—whatever other remuneration he may gain for his letter circulation—obtains free life membership of the club if he induces twenty-five other motorists to join.

The insurance side of a club like the Milestone is an important item. Pursuing the benefits of "Milestones" further, I find that every member "will be entitled to associate membership (free of charge) of the Motorists' Purchasing Association, Ltd. (commonly known as the M.P.A.), of 46, Grosvenor Gardens, London, conferring all the purchasing facilities to members of that association."

That is interesting for this reason: At the present time the Motorists' Purchasing Association—a small private company with a capital of £100—is proposing to turn itself into a public company with a capital of £85,000.

Circulars have been sent to members of this association inviting them to subscribe for shares.

Although the association has not made any net profits of recent years, a proportion of the 4s. ordinary shares are being offered at the price of 5s.

Lately there has been a great effort to whip up the membership of the association. Members have been admitted without the payment of the ordinary guinea subscription; possibly because of the conversion to a public company, and in the hope that they may be induced to buy shares.

One reader writes to me regarding the Motorists' Purchasing Association, Ltd.:

"A personal friend persuaded me to write my name and address on a form which he had obtained from a friend of his, who was unknown to me.

"This form had space for about twelve names and addresses, and I was the last one to fill it in, so completing the form.

"I was then accepted as a member of the M.P.A. without the payment of any subscription or fee of any kind."

Shares offered

In due course this reader received the draft prospectus of the association, with a covering circular which stated:—

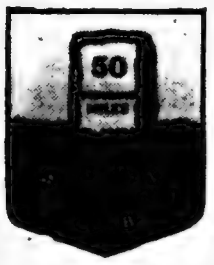
"As an M.P.A. member you will no doubt be glad to receive the enclosed ADVANCE particulars of the scheme for converting the association into a Public Company. Only members will be invited to apply for the shares."

Controlling interest in the Motorists' Purchasing Association, as a private company, is held by yet another concern called the Motor Owners' Combine, Ltd.

During the last year for which returns are available this combine made a loss of £2,438. *No trading whatever was done in the year.* Large advances have been made by the combine to its private subsidiary, the Motorists' Purchasing Association. What these advances are worth can be gauged from the report of the combine's auditors, which states:

"The advances to Motorists' Purchasing Association, Ltd., stand at their cost to this company, but we doubt whether their realisable value is more than a nominal sum."

In face of all these facts, investment in the proposed public company of "The M.P.A." can only be regarded as highly speculative.



This article, which began with the Milestone Club, of Surrey Street, Strand, reveals a snowball leading to the Motorists' Purchasing Association, Ltd.—which is hoping to raise £65,000 in capital—the Motor Owners' Combine, Ltd., and finally to yet another club—the Grosvenor Gardens Club.

For that club is a venture of the Motorists' Purchasing Association.

This is wheels within wheels with a vengeance!

Having recounted the history of this club and company alliance, I leave the question of joining either the Milestone Club or the Motorists' Purchasing Association to the judgment of my many motoring readers.

Somehow I do not think they will experience much difficulty in making up their minds.

Golden SCHEME

ATTEMPTS to unload gold-mining shares on a long-suffering public are constantly being made by financial "philanthropists" who are anxious to find "new fields of investment" for the public.

The latest emanates from Mr. J. H. Cameron-Curry, who, trading as the Mining Centro Agency, of St. Mary's Chambers, Strand, London, has been offering shares in the Waneta Gold Mines, Ltd., of British Columbia.

He mentions incidentally that a Captain C. E. Hutton has secured an option on 500,000 shares in this gold mining company, of which half are on offer to the public at 2s. 6d. a share.

Unfortunately, Mr. J. H. Cameron-Curry, presumably in a moment of absentmindedness, sent one of his circulars to Sir Thomas Barnes, who happens to be Treasury Solicitor, and formerly solicitor to the Board of Trade.

So now he has been prosecuted by the Board of Trade for issuing applications for shares in this company without a prospectus.

* * *

His plea of ignorance of the Companies Act, and that it is the first time he has done any business of this sort, has not saved him from a fine of 50 guineas on each of two summonses, with 10 guineas costs.

That he should have paid in this way for such a simple lesson in the meaning of the Companies Act brings no tears to our eyes.

Captain C. E. Hutton, of Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, who made the offer through the Mining Centro Agency and the La Banque Economic Trust Co., of Luxembourg, declares in a circular that the Waneta property "is an advanced prospective mine—meaning that, while we know gold exists in good paying values, development has not yet reached the point when we can definitely call this property a mine."

* * *

This distinction should be pondered on by those interested in a possible investment.

Now for a sequel to the prosecution of Mr. J. H. Cameron-Curry. The secretary of Waneta Gold Mines, Ltd., writing from Vancouver, states that circulars inviting subscriptions to the Waneta Gold Mines were issued "without the knowledge or authority of the directors."

Indeed, it is further stated that the option-holder has now been informed by the company that it does not consider the results so far obtained justify an invitation for public subscriptions at present, further development being desirable "before reaching a definite conclusion."

We have only to compare this with the statement of Captain C. E. Hutton, who in his circular letter says: "I can advise an investment with entire confidence."

Stranded Family's Plight

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, the Minister of Health, claims that no fewer than 3,000,000 houses have been built since the war, but the "tied cottage" is yet a pressing problem in our feudal villages.

A cowman at Tenbury Wells, in Worcestershire, for instance, has been refused accommodation everywhere, because he has a family of eight.

His pitiful story was revealed the other day to the Burford Bench, when an application was made by a farmer to have him evicted from the cottage in which he lives.

The farmer concerned brought the cowman all the way down from Shropshire, then dismissed him because he was unable to use a milking machine.

The cowman soon got himself another job, but neither he, nor the farmer for whom he now works, nor the clerk to the local council, can find him accommodation.

The farmer who brought the cowman so far from his native heath to undertake a job he couldn't do is helpless.

The only solution offered by the clerk is that the cowman with his family should seek admission to the local public institution.

To an honest man, who toils his seven-day week, never enjoying a holiday, but in all weathers and winds, the idea of the "workhouse" is repugnant.

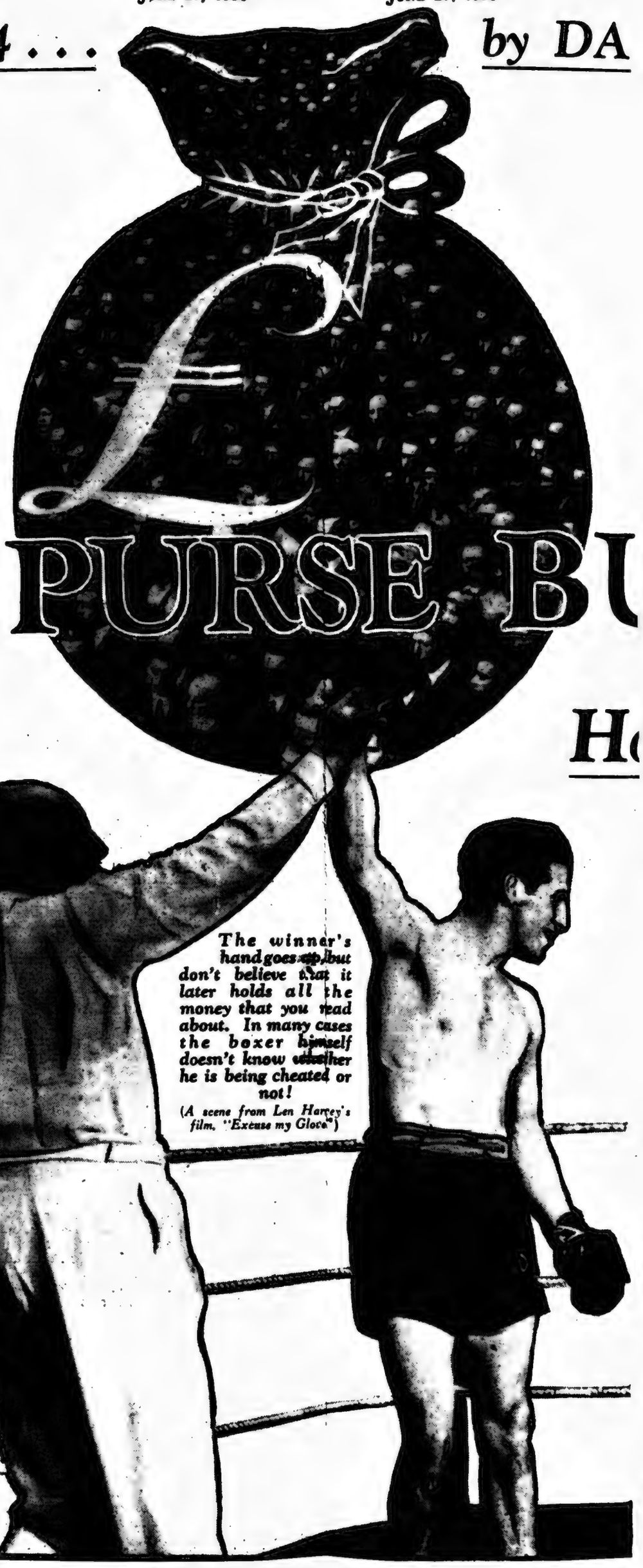
JUNE 27, 1936

Boxing with the Lid Off—4 . . .

by DA

BIG PURSE BU

He



The winner's hand goes up, but don't believe that it later holds all the money that you read about. In many cases the boxer himself doesn't know whether he is being cheated or not!

(A scene from Len Harvey's film, "Excuse my Gloves")

I MADE up my mind to become a professional boxer about ten years ago, when the world offered me plenty of opportunities in other directions.

I fell for the big money talk, youthful and inexperienced as I was, little realising that for the most part big money is for the exploiters and not the men who do the fighting.

I had not forgotten the "massive silver trophy" which I had won in the ring at the age of fifteen, and which had turned to lead within a week. That was still looking down blackly at me from a shelf at home.

But I was believing every one of those posters that told me of fights at £50 aside and much else as well that I have since found out to be nonsense.

I was fighting as an amateur just before I took the step of signing professional papers. An unbroken succession of wins, usually through knockouts, had brought me a lot of flattery which had helped to turn my head.

Then a lot of small incidents contributed. For instance, I had been staying behind at my place of business at lunch-times to shadow-box in the only open space available to me, and spectators who had enjoyed watching me from the street—I couldn't avoid letting them see me—had sent me a message asking me to resume when I gave up the practice.

Cheating shadow

With my ringcraft improving and more and more people prophesying that fame and fortune were waiting just round the corner for me, I was soon in that frame of mind when a youth deserts the substance of a good steady job for the shadow—a cheating shadow I have found it to be—of a boxing career.

Lads are doing it to-day. They will go on doing it to their cost—unless boxing is going to come in for some much-needed cleaning-up in the near future.

Anyhow, I did it. I signed my first contract and then went home with my head in the clouds, dreaming dreams in which heavy moneybags and powerful sporting cars had a very big place.

Well, now that I have quit the ring I can look back on those dreams. Stripped of their silver, they look not a bit less black to me than that leaden cup of mine.

Certainly as far as *progress* in boxing is concerned I have more than lived up to the forecasts of the optimistic people who advised me to turn professional. But not as regards the heavy moneybags they visualised, and which I am afraid they led me to visualise, too.

I have been reckoning up my total earnings in the ring, and believe me it has even surprised myself. Leaving out my earnings during my two visits to America, where the boxer doesn't get the raw deal that is so often his reward in this country, and where, as a consequence, my fights were very remunerative, I have discovered that I have earned, on an average, no more than a farm labourer.

Ballyhoo

And that is true of many of the men drawing from £20 to £100 a fight, in whose ranks I have fought, and who are all too few in British boxing.

Very often they are "put over" by high-powered publicity methods as getting as much as £250 or £500 a fight. People say of them: "I wouldn't mind getting knocked about if I got half their money."

Yet in more cases than the public imagines their announced earnings are so much boxing ballyhoo, aimed in the first place at giving an entirely artificial interest to their fights, and countenanced by the boxers either because they daren't refuse to lend themselves to such deception or because they are persuaded that such tactics are for their benefit and will help to get them into the higher-priced class.

No escape

There was one man who was talked into fighting for practically nothing when he was "on the climb." They persuaded him that it would be to his ultimate benefit.

I have known a number of men who have flatly objected to accept less money than the purse announced. Others have agreed to accept, say, £10 for a fight billed at £50, and then, when they have won, have put their hands out and said: "Come on, guv'nor, £50 is the amount I am entitled to, and £50 I shall have." Always their end has been the same.

Their managers—obviously not of the straight-up type, otherwise they would never have let such offers reach the boxers themselves—have unaccountably failed to find them work.

And as for escaping from that difficulty, well, let me give you a few instances.

I once boxed on the same programme as a brilliant young boxer whose rise from small preliminary bouts had been meteoric, who obviously had a right to meet some of the top-notchers on the form he had been displaying, and who was told at last that he was going to meet a man whose name was famous wherever boxing was talked about.

Now the famous one was bound, win or lose, to get many hundreds of pounds. He was one of the comparatively few who, as much from reasons of personality and presence as from his undoubted boxing ability, had a box-office value big enough to enable him to demand his worth.

He starved

As for the other man—well, he was "on the climb," as boxing parlance describes the coming champions, and it is the lad "on the climb" who can most easily be exploited in this way.

A mere £30 was to be his share, in a fight of such national importance that everybody would be expecting him to get hundreds. They told him that the goodwill value of such a lie to him would be worth a small fortune.

And to cut a long story short, he refused any such offer. He told the manager he would prefer to starve rather than sink to deception of that sort. And starve he did.

For the best part of a year no work came his way, and the gymnasium and training expenses of keeping himself fit and well were going on all the while.

He tried to get fights on his own, always to be met with the cold reminder that he was under the management of such-and-such a man and would have to keep to his contract.

He tried to start completely afresh in Continental countries, only to discover that the whole of Europe seemed determined to keep him in the hands of a man who wouldn't help him to earn a penny, and, in fact, was preventing him from earning. Then he went to America to find that a cable had arrived there before him.

When he returned to England his mother, a poor woman, totally dependent on him, went to that manager and fell on her hands and knees before him in a vain attempt to get him to tear up the contract with her son, or alternatively find him a job.

That boy had ended his boxing career at a time when it was really only just beginning, and only because he refused to be a party to one of the most widely practised of the many deceits that abound in the boxing profession.

A second case I can quote concerns a man who, topping the bill in a very important provincial programme, had agreed to accept something like a quarter of the amount announced as comprising the purse.

It happened that he was meeting a man with whom he could afford to run no risks. Therefore, although he knew that the promoter of that fight discouraged early knock-outs as tending to reduce the entertainment value of the evening, and so handicap future tournaments, he had no hesitation in putting his man out for the full count when he left himself wide open halfway through the first round.

Now one of the iniquities of present-day boxing is that there are a large number of promoters who will refuse to pay the full purse to a man who knocks his opponent out too quickly, as most boxers of any experience know quite well. And it happened that this promoter was one of that kidney.

And it happened, too, that this lad who had agreed to take substantially less than he was supposed to get boggled at this last injustice of having a few guineas knocked off because he had done his work too well.

So he told his manager he would never, in any circumstances, accept such a cut-rate again—only to wake up to the fact about a year later that there was a reason why he had gone all that time without another fight.

By then, however, fretting, dispiritedness and more than a little experience of hunger had done its work. It was too late for him to stage a come-back. He belongs to-day to that huge army of might-have-beens whose plight is a lasting reproach to British boxing as it

How Crook Managers Grab the Spoils

by DAVE FORBES (*Scotland's Undefeated Light-heavyweight Champion*)

is carried on to-day and not to themselves.

Many more men I have met in the boxing game have been deliberately matched with men far their superiors, and who are bound to give them a good thrashing, because they have objected to accepting a payment far below the one announced.

Career ended

One of them, a mere boy of nineteen, with tremendous promise, found he had to fight a seasoned Continental boxer four stone heavier with a reputation for butchery. He was duly thrashed—and his career as a boxer finished that night.

His nerves had gone, his confidence, too, when he entered the ring again.

One more experience—they are all typical of hundreds—relates to a boxer who was refused information after his fight as to how much he had been fighting for.

I state quite plainly that three out of five boxers are kept in the dark as to the amount they are fighting for, although it is against the rules of the sport. "I've got a job for you next Thursday," says the manager, and dumbly they accept.

After the fight they accept the money that is handed to them just as dumbly, no matter how small it may be.

In the case which I am describing it was like that. "There's your money," said the manager of the man I am writing about, "and that's that."

The bludgeon

Useless for the boxer to ask if a man hadn't every right in any job to know how much he was working for. "Not in boxing," was the answer. "But you are going to let me see the contract, aren't you?" he asked next, to which came the extraordinary reply: "A contract is the property of the manager, and no business of the boxer at all."

The result? Just the same. He never fought again.

Can you wonder why there are boxers and managers who have travelled together for years without ever addressing a word to each other, which is usually a silence born of the boxer's contempt for exploiters who can use hunger as a bludgeon! I know of a boxer and manager who crossed to America without speaking!

And does it surprise you that the National Union of Boxers, unable as yet to see that no boxer will sink to such low price-cutting tactics as are employed, is at last getting boxers to send information about them to its offices, where they are accumulating in a dossier that will be of the greatest value when the great clean-up of British boxing comes about?

The Boxers' Union, struggling for better wages and conditions for fighters, is meeting with difficulties that few unions can ever have had to contend with since the days when it was an illegal thing for a working man to organise.

That is because the majority of boxers still stand where working men and women stood in the bad old slave days of industry.

To begin with, the minimum rates the union is asking for will probably surprise you. One pound for a six-round fight; 30s. for eight rounds; £2 10s. for ten rounds or more—why, it will seem absurd to people who look on boxing as a big money game, especially if they know enough about it to realise a boxer can't be always fighting, and that he must spend money in between fights keeping fit.

Yet think of the situation the union has to face.

Men drawing 25s. for winning the most important fights of the evening in some provincial towns—before deductions are made!

There are black spots of boxing in different parts of the country where men can be got to put up a good 15-round show for such rates.

"Star" boxers in decline having their names exploited for a mere £2 or £3, again before the inevitable deductions.

Brave little, game little preliminary fighters of the kind I have already described to you, who are often forced by economic circumstances to move about the country like tramps, getting as little as from 7s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. a fight, even in some London halls, and as little as 5s. in the black spots of boxing!

And let us look at the deductions. Even the lowest-paid boxer finds his money whittled down enormously before he walks away home with what remains of it.

The man who draws 15s., probably as a result of winning a contest in which he gets terrific punishment, will have to pay about two shillings to his manager, another shilling to the promoter's seconds, a shilling a week for his "gym." fee, with extras for bandages and oils. Then there are his fares.

Seeing that they are far from being the lowest paid of boxers, you will realise that it is possible for a boy to go home with black eyes and a bruised, exhausted body with less than half-a-crown as his reward.

Men drawing £3 or £4 for a fight will have to pay up to 25 per cent. to their managers, and then all the above charges on a correspondingly bigger scale. Seeing that some of them have to train longer than the six-rounders, they may have bigger gymnasium fees, which means that some of them will count themselves lucky if they go home with an intact 30s.

The £50 man—and this time I mean the man who *really* draws £50—will have to give £2 at least to the seconds, if he wants to look generous Then his manager will want anything from a quarter to a third of the total On top of that, apart from gymnasium expenses, he will have to pay sparring partners.

And £50 fights, you must remember, are far fewer and farther apart than the £2 or 10s. variety. He might have to go months without contracts, spending, spending all the time.

Can you wonder, therefore, why a boxer's earnings over a career that may take him to championship honours will often average over eight to fifteen years of his boxing career less than the wages of a labourer.

Parasites

Those deductions in themselves are a reflection on the meanness and parsimony of certain parasitical elements in British boxing of the type I have already described.

Take the seconds' money ramp. For the boxers to pay promoters' seconds is a practice that has grown up with the sport. And it is paid because many British boxing promoters pay so little by way of wages to these seconds that the system of tipping them has become compulsory.

It is sometimes—quite illegally—actually deducted from the boxer's earnings by the "whip," as the man is known who calls boxers from their dressing-rooms, sometimes with a little added for himself.

The seconds can do with the money, in all conscience. Many of them are old fighters who would find it impossible to earn a living outside the game, and who must do this or starve. They have had to pay seconds' money in their day—when their short boxing careers still lasted.

The scandal is that promoters so often do not pay them enough for their seconding to keep body and soul together.

Clean it up!

Can you, in face of all these facts, wonder why ex-fighters abound in almost every Poor Law institution? Can you deny, especially when you compare a boxer's rewards with the conditions I have described in previous articles, that they are getting worse treatment than the Chinese coolies and other foreign slave workers we hear so much about—and all in the glorious name of sport?

Finally, are you surprised that British boxing has sunk from its one-time supremacy, or that boxers themselves sometimes lend themselves to fake fights and other tricks of "dud" promoters and managers in order to trick the trusting British public?

Money may be the mainstay of boxing, but it is the root of all its multifarious evils as well.

The game has got to be cleaned of the parasites who make it so before what we used to call "the noble art" recovers anything of its lost prestige.

Next Week:

The Traffic in "White Hopes"

OH! WHITE WOOL DOES GET SO DIRTY!...
JUST LOOK AT SAM'S SWEATER AND HE'S ONLY WORN IT TWICE
MM.. I HAVE TO WASH FRANK'S NEARLY EVERY WEEK TOO BUT TAKE MY TIP...
....YOU TRY OXYDOL. JUST SQUEEZE THAT SWEATER THROUGH OXYDOL LATHER AND OUT WILL COME THE DIRT.
OOH! OXYDOL DOES MAKE A CREAMY LATHER— YOU CAN SEE THE DIRT OOZING OUT.
OXYDOL
LOOK AT SAM'S SWEATER MEG! I WASHED IT WITH OXYDOL AND IT'S AS WHITE AND FLUFFY AS NEW AGAIN
MAKE this simple test. Take the grubbiest sweater you can find. Tip a little Oxydol into the wash-bowl. Whisk the water and just watch the great mass of Oxydol lather come bubbling up. See the thick, creamy lather working through the wool and floating out the dirt and grime. Just a gentle squeeze and the wool is left soft, fresh and thoroughly CLEAN. Prove it yourself. Get a 3½d or 6d. packet tomorrow.
OXYDOL
FOR A BIGGER TUB OF RICHER SUDS
OXYDOL
OXYDOL
WHEN WASHING-UP THE PLATES TO-DAY USE OXYDOL— GET GREASE AWAY.

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES

"As I slid down to the port wing I heard a shout, and saw a lifeboat bobbing about"

ALONE on a Ghost Ship

SHIPS have always loomed largely in my life—although I am a woman. I was born on an emigrant ship eight hundred miles from N.W. Cape, Western Australia; I was brought up in the port of Fremantle, and later in Perth, ten miles up the Swan River.

I stowed away on a ship to reach the England I had never seen, and to-day, with my husband the skipper of an Atlantic liner, I live on the South Coast within sight of the greatest shipping waters of the world, with the daily procession of vessels to and from Southampton.

It was that madcap adventure of mine in stowing away on a ship that led to my meeting my husband and to the unforgettable experience I had on a drifting ghost ship in the middle of the Indian Ocean, which is the story of my lifetime.

I was eighteen at the time, helping my father to run a small hotel, the bulk of whose business was done in the drinking saloon attached at the rear.

My mother was dead, and I hated the life and the squalid environment with an impatience that became a burning desperation as time went on and I found that my father was becoming more and more addicted to his twin vices of whisky and gambling.

Many of our visitors hailed from the Old Country, and I heard so much about England from those homesick travellers that I became obsessed with the desire to visit England and to meet my mother's people in the Newcastle-on-Tyne district.

My father had no near relatives left in his native part of the world, which was Belfast, and he would not hear of my leaving him, even for a brief holiday.

I was too useful to him. I saved him the expense of a manageress, and my presence made it possible for him to find more and more time to spend with his cronies in his private room.

And so I had reconciled myself to work and surroundings which I detested with all the vehemence of eighteen years, when suddenly the opportunity appeared in the shape of a young farmer from Wallakoot, who came into Perth to arrange some land purchase out at his station and to have a short but hectic vacation before going back to the lonely spaces again.

He knew no one in Perth, and he pleaded with me to accompany him on some of his expeditions. I was glad to get away for a little from the hated atmosphere of the hotel and saloon. His healthy friendship was like new life to me.

We went one day down to Point Walter, the popular holiday resort and pleasure beach beyond Fremantle, and on our way back we wandered across to the Fremantle moles where the shipping lies.

At the foot of the gangway of a steamer, the *Mintroyal*, which was loading a small part cargo for London on top of her main cargo of bulk grain, we stopped. Jestingly, I put one foot on the gangway and held out my hand to him. "Good-bye," I said, laughing; "I'll tell London you were asking for her," and I mounted half-way up.

He grinned. "Bet you haven't the nerve to go right aboard and say how-do to the gold-braid," he challenged me. "There's a buddy eyeing you from the other end."

Devilment was alive in me. I returned his grin, wheeled round and raced up to the deck. With a howl of glee he followed me to pull me back, but I ran on, with him hard behind me.

As I got to the foot of an iron ladder leading to a deck above I saw a pair of feet on the top rung, and, looking up, stared into the amused eye of a young officer.

"Hello, sister," he exclaimed, "you seem to be going places! Come right aboard. The darned ship's yours for the taking."

A few moments later we were laughing and talking together, and soon we were having cool drinks and sandwiches in the saloon with the officer, who introduced himself as the second mate.

He gave his name, but I'll call him Tom here—Tom Raeberry. All my old longing to get to England flamed up afresh as I spoke to him, and it was with deadly earnestness, disguised by a laugh, that I asked him what chance a stowaway would have in one of the holds.

"Not a rat's chance," he told me. "The gas off the wheat would kill you quicker than coal gas. If I were stowing away on this tub I'd make for the lazarette."

My mind was working rapidly. Hiding my excitement, I asked him as casually as possible where the "lazarette" hung out—and two minutes later, under the poop deck, he was lifting a wooden cover and climbing down into the dingy interior of a small hold no larger than an ordinary-sized cabin.

He explained that the name was a survival of the days when men with infectious diseases were isolated in the lazarette, or quarantine, the name being derived from "Lazarus" and from the Italian name for hospital.

A small porthole was on each of the outside bulkheads, I noted; but they were so dirty with dust and cobweb that scarcely any light filtered through.

"It's more like a prison," I said with a shiver. And he explained that sailors held on a criminal charge were sometimes locked up in the lazarette, although he had never had such a case in his experience.

It was scarcely ever entered from one voyage to another, he told me, except if the bos'un used it as a storeroom for his paint barrels. . . .

I left the ship an hour later with an idea firing me to grim resolve. I had learned that the boat was leaving the following evening, or the morning after that. Back in Perth, I hugged my secret while I worked.

The following morning I went to the bank and drew my little all, a matter of thirty-six pounds. In the afternoon I packed a small case with the few necessities I could think of.

I wrote a note to leave for my father, then I decided to post it in Fremantle, otherwise he might discover it in time to intercept me before the *Mintroyal* cleared the Swan River or got safely past Rottnest Island.

But I need not have worried on that score. My father was locked up with a school of his own kind from the goldfields, and would remain there for many hours.

I went down-river by steamer, and

(*Continued on page 26*)

Woman Who Was Helpless

"Some time ago I had an attack of neuritis which made my left foot and arm helpless," states Mrs. A. G. Elmes, of 152, Ann Street, London, S.E.16. "I was in a very weak state at the time, having just left hospital after a severe illness. Chronic headaches and dizziness attacked me, and once I fell to the floor in a faint. I couldn't stand up and had to be carried to bed. My nerves were in a terrible state; I was miserably depressed and continually crying—life seemed unbearable.

"Then I read about Dr. Williams pink pills and thought I would try them, and what a change soon came over me! I began to feel brighter, my headaches gradually disappeared, and I was able to sleep well. The neuritis left me, and before long my health was quite normal."

Dr. Williams brand pink pills have proved a priceless boon to thousands of run-down, nervy women, because they actually create new, rich blood, which gives new life and energy to the whole system. So if you suffer as Mrs. Elmes did, let nothing prevent you from trying these pills, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

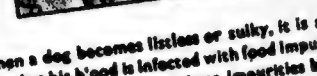
[Advt.]

'SUMMER HEAT made him a dog in the manger'

This time last year Mrs. Adlington was worried about her Scottish Terrier, Pepper. The summer heat left him listless, sulky, and thoroughly out of sorts. But a short treatment with Bob Martin's soon cured him. Now Pepper has his Bob Martin's regularly, and he's simply romping through the present summer.

Mrs. Eric Adlington and Pepper at their Crews Hill home.

WHY PEPPER WAS LISTLESS



When a dog becomes listless or sulky, it is a sure sign that his blood is infected with food impurities. He cannot rid himself of these impurities by perspiring because, as this diagram shows, a dog's skin (B) is non-porous, whereas in human skin (A) there are ducts through which perspiration passes to the surface. Also, your dog is denied the natural blood correctives found in certain wild grasses and herbage, for these are now beyond his reach. That is why you must help him to keep his blood pure—by providing him with the natural blood correctives in Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

SAFEGUARD YOUR DOG

By removing every impurity from a dog's blood, Bob Martin's Condition Powders quickly cure all blood disorders — listlessness, scratching, loss of appetite and eczema. But remember that *prevention* is still better than cure, and this is easily assured if you condition your dog regularly by the method originated by Mr. Bob Martin more than 40 years ago. That is how the leading breeders and fanciers and thousands of considerate owners keep their dogs always in perfect condition and lovely coat.

Begin this week-end to give your dog his Bob Martin's every Saturday and Sunday. You will soon see a big difference in him. No more lassitude—no more scratching. Your dog will be lifted to a new level of all-round fitness. And he will enjoy this vigorous health the whole year round, so long as he has his regular Bob Martin's to keep him *in condition*.

In 6d. packets of 9, or 1/- boxes of 21 powders, from all chemists, etc.

BOB MARTIN LTD. SOUTHPORT

Regular conditioning means that perfect fun you, as your dog

Bob Martin's

3 times EVERY Saturday
3 times EVERY Sunday

Why MOTHERS in their thousands
are now buying WEETABIX!
Weetabix
MORE THAN A BREAKFAST FOOD
SEND US 2½ IN STAMPS FOR A GENEROUS SAMPLE.

There are always hearty appetites when Weetabix is on the table—and no wonder! This grand cereal has the nicest flavour you've ever known — it tastes every bit as good as it looks—and how tempting *that* is. But that's not all. Weetabix is so nourishing — another reason why mothers are so glad to see the kiddies "tucking in." All the goodness of best British wheat goes into it—all the body-building, health-promoting elements of the *whole* wheat berry. There are dozens of ways of using Weetabix—as a breakfast food with hot or cold milk—spread with butter—with stewed or tinned fruit after lunch or supper—split and made into delightful sandwiches. Weetabix is the universal food—the food for every age and for every occasion—the whole-wheat food that makes every nice meal even nicer still.

Weetabix

The Cereal of a 100 uses

BRITISH & AFRICAN CEREAL CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.1), "CONSTANTIA MILLS," BURTON LATIMER, NORTHANTS.

★ A FREE BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Changeable weather is dangerous for delicate babies—sometimes it's warm, then it's chilly; milk often differs. These factors combine to make the time an anxious one for mothers, especially young mothers of first babies.

A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestle's, and every mother ought to have a copy because of the valuable information contained in it. Just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to—Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and a free copy will be posted to you. Write Now!

No. 2—OUT NEXT WEDNESDAY

"ZOO"

The National Nature Magazine

The first issue of "Zoo," the beautiful new pictorial monthly magazine, was an amazing success . . . No. 2 is even more thrilling . . . more exciting . . . more instructive than ever . . . it will take the country by storm . . . delighting animal and Nature lovers everywhere.

Here are some of the wonderful features to be found in the 64 glorious pages: "War on the Whale," "Jungle Beasts from the Air," articles by H. Mortimer Batten, Frances Pitt, L. R. Brightwell . . . striking pictures . . . thrilling stories, etc., etc.

No. 2 will be on sale next Wednesday, July 1, price 6d. There will be a tremendous demand—to make sure of your copy place an order with your newsagent to-day.

ZOO — 6D. MONTHLY

Apply at any L M S Station or Office for details of Monthly Return Tickets

1st CLASS 1½d. A MILE
3rd CLASS 1d. A MILE

Express Services from all parts.

Nowhere in the world is there a holiday resort to equal Blackpool. Its sea is so inviting, its entertainment so lavish and so reasonable, its sunshine so clear, its sands so firm, that there's never a dull moment. And the air is the finest anywhere.

Come and bathe in the sparkling sea or in the marvellous open-air swimming pool. Come and dance to famous bands and enjoy the newest plays and comedies. Come and join in the numerous outdoor sports—tennis, golf, bowling, boating, flying, etc.

Guide and further particulars with pleasure from R. W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool.

FALSE TEETH

are made more comfortable *and really clean!* – by using Milton

(Continued from page 24)

it was just on sundown when I got to where the *Mintroyal* was lying.

When it was fully dark I crept nearer and hid behind some wagons until I could make certain that everything was clear I stole on board and hid behind some deck-crates which were lashed down within five or six feet from the entrance to the short alleyway in the poop leading to the firemen's quarters and to the lazarette beyond.

I heard voices on the quay below, so I took the plunge and made for the lazarette.

Hours seemed to pass as I lay huddled in my overcoat, with another coat for a pillow. Feet and voices, and the clatter of cargo-winches, and then the shouts of men kept me on edge.

Several times I was sure someone was going to lift the hatch and discover my presence; but daylight came, and with it the trembling of the propeller in the tunnel far under me.

Just above me I could hear them coiling and stowing the mooring ropes. We were off—and I was bound for England. Alas, for my young optimism! All my terrors were yet to come.

I had some sandwiches with me in my coat pocket; I had more food in my small case, and I planned to exist as long as possible before making an appearance on deck. I ate my sandwiches, and utter weariness overcame me and I fell asleep.

It was still daylight when I wakened, and the boat was rolling awkwardly. After a long time I managed to get to sleep again—and the next time I wakened it was to find myself being thrown to and fro as the ship rolled and plunged like a mad thing.

Above me heavy articles were battering about like giant rams as the movement of the ship dislodged them. Terror gripped me.

Gradually the list seemed to be getting worse; it became so bad that I was able to clamber up the side and stretch out to the hatch.

It was a desperate fight. But I managed to move it. And I did not rest until I had crawled out into the fresh stream of air blowing along the streaming alleyway.

I shouted again, my lungs and throat bursting. But there was no answer. I scrambled forward. I almost fell into the firemen's quarters. No one was there. Bedding, clothes, crockery were scattered in mad confusion everywhere.

Out to the deck I crawled, where the sea-water was sucking and slobbering in the port scuppers. I went forward to midships and climbed the iron ladder to the deck-house.

The galley, the saloon, the officers' cabins—all were deserted and in wild disorder as if some atrocious hurricane had rioted into every corner.

At the doorway leading to the engine-room I looked down, holding tightly to the polished rail. Everything was quiet, except for the faint and terrifying swishing of dead water down in the darkness and the clanging of a bucket against metal.

I kept shouting in my panic: "Help! Help! Where are you—where are you?" until my voice was hoarse and no more speech came.

It was like a madness. It was like a nightmare. On the boat-deck, with the sun trying to break through the grey skies, I saw the wreckage of two lifeboats on the starboard side. They told their own story of the havoc the storm had caused.

And on the port side, which was canting so near to the surface of the swelling ocean, I saw the empty falls trailing in the water.

I was alone. Terribly, fearfully alone on a deserted ship in the middle of a heaving ocean.

At that sick moment I would have given years and years of my young life to have been safely on firm, friendly soil. I felt sure my reason would go as I slithered up and down the sloping decks and then mounted in my frenzy to the bridge.

Suddenly, as I slid down to the port wing of the bridge, I heard a shout. It came again: "Ahoy! Ahoy, there!"

It was then that I saw a lifeboat bobbing about in the water with its nose heading towards the *Mintroyal*. . . . I fainted then.

Twenty minutes later I was being helped down one of the falls by Tom Raeberry, the young second officer who innocently had shown me the way to hide aboard the ship.

He was speechless with amazement, and when I gabbled my story to him as I sat beside him in the thwarts of the lifeboat he swore heartily and told me just exactly what he thought of me for my foolhardiness.

"You're the luckiest girl in all the world," he told me. "Gosh, the nerve of you!" And he then explained how during the height of the storm their steering gear went wrong and they were unable to keep the ship's head into the weather.

The cargo of bulk wheat shifted in the holds and caused the vessel to list so alarmingly that they were compelled to take to the boats while the seas and the wind were still high and it was dark.

"She took water through No. 4 hatch," he added grimly. "If she doesn't heel over like a turtle, the grain will swell and rip her open cleaner than a ton of dynamite would. See what you've escaped, my lass!"

When daybreak came the other two boats had disappeared beyond the horizon, but Tom's boat was within sight of the *Mintroyal* and they had rowed back to her. That had been my salvation.

Ten hours later we were picked up by a tramp bound for Liverpool. She stood by the *Mintroyal* all that night some miles to windward. But when the morning came the ghost ship was gone. She was a victim of the sailor's terror—shifting cargo.

Before we reached England, almost seven weeks later, I was engaged to the second mate. When the enquiry into the loss of the ship was over we were married quietly in London before my husband joined his next ship.

Greatest of These . . .

A Little Wonder

Myfanwy

THIRTEEN - YEAR-OLD Myfanwy is described by her father as "a little wonder." Her mother, who held the Victory and Service medal for war work, died last January.

Since then Myfanwy's father, who was injured at his work in 1926 and has been unable to work since 1930, has done his best to keep his home going for his three little girls, aged thirteen, eleven and eight years.

"I do all the washing and ironing and try to mend my children's boots," he says. "I get 22s. 6d. and 7s. National Health Insurance a week. Lately I have been under treatment with my eyes at a hospital here. I had to go for three weeks and should continue to do so, but this meant 3s. a week in bus fares, and my glasses have cost me 18s. 6d.

"I have had to tell my kiddies I can't carry on much longer, and that we might have to leave here and go to the workhouse. God knows, it would mean the end of everything if it came to that for me. When the children are in bed at night I break down completely."

The vicar states that Myfanwy's father is well known to him; that his personal character is above reproach and that he is a pitiful case.

Donations earmarked "Myfanwy," and those for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Real Life Serial Begins Next Week

"Operator 1384" in Arab dress

WATCH for "Vultures of the Desert," by "Operator 1384," a British member of L'Espionage Central, the little-known secret service of the French Foreign Legion, engaged in combating white slave and drug traffickers in the Sahara desert.

Those who have followed the readers' stories that have already been published in these columns will know that fact can often make far more exciting reading than fiction, and

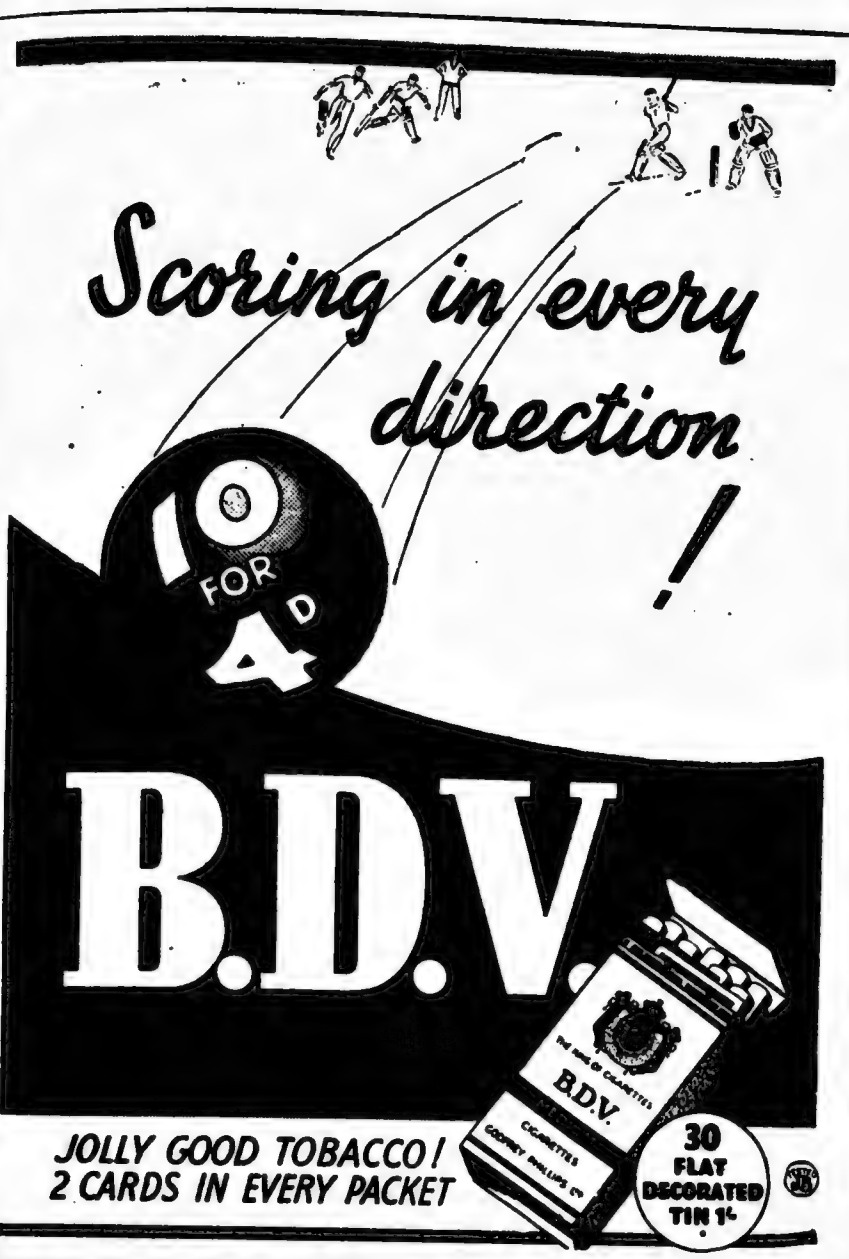
"VULTURES OF THE DESERT"

is a breathless narrative of hazards and thrills of a refreshingly unfamiliar kind.

Fights, escapes, torture and privation all figure in this amazing record of service in an organisation more ruthless and exacting in its demands on courage and endurance than the Legion itself.

Don't miss this amazing personal document, the first instalment of which will be published in next week's JOHN BULL.

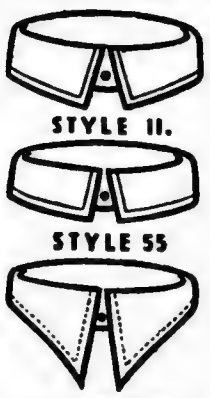
Fitness through the forties



MEN ON HOLIDAY

appreciate what

"VAN HEUSEN" *means*



After a hot day spent in a sports shirt or swimming suit the smart comfort of a "Van Heusen" collar makes the evening ideal. "Van Heusen" Collars do not chafe or bulge—they fit exactly, yet retain coolness and ease. "Van Heusen" Collars are the *only* collars woven in one piece on the curve, to fit the neck. Call at your nearest "Van Heusen" stockist and make your selection from a wide range of shapes in white and smart stripes and colours. White in ½, Coloured in ½ sizes.

OF ALL GOOD RETAILERS

1/3 *each*

"VAN HEUSEN" REGD TRADE MARK

SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

Made by Harding, Tilton and Hartley, Ltd., King's House, Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

we must have **SELO** *films*

"No restricted areas for *me*" said the Reflex Camera. "Now I've got Selo Films, I'm sure of clear, brilliant pictures anywhere!"

"And even if bad weather should catch us snapping," added his folding friend, "what difference does it make? We can always give our best when we've got the best. As you know, those chemists at Ilford Limited have given Selo and Selochrome both speed *and* latitude to suit a climate where the light is seldom the same two days running. With Selo Films—we can take it!"

SELO *1/- for eight* (3¼ × 2¼) **SELOCHROME** *extra fast 1/2*

A for Apples

B for Bulmer's

C for Cider

Enjoy the ideal family beverage today—drink apples—drink Bulmer's—that's the ABC of fitness. It takes 2½ lbs. of apples to make a flagon of Bulmer's. Taste and see! There's no healthier or more delicious drink.

DRY or WOODPECKER (Medium Sweet)

10½D PER 5 GLASS FLAGON

(In England and Wales only)

IN SCOTLAND 1/-

royds

I Stole a Husband —almost!

"When he saw me he was greatly entertained . . . it was the first of many visits to his office"

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS..

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

TO-DAY I am a lonely spinster. Many years ago I fell in love with a married man. In my infatuation for him I resorted to desperate measures in an effort to bring about an estrangement between him and his wife in the hope that he would turn to me for consolation.

I am telling the story of what happened to me in the hope that other girls may be saved from the temptation to try to wreck other people's lives in pursuit of what they may conceive to be their own happiness.

At the age of twenty-five I was in charge of a branch of a local tobacconist's business in the main street of a busy Midland town.

One of my best and most regular customers was a Mr. Robert West (as I will call him), whose offices were right opposite my shop. He was an insurance broker and assessor, a handsome, well-built man of about thirty-five.

He often worked late in the evenings, and when he did he almost always came dashing across for cigarettes just as I was closing

As he always smoked one particular brand I got into the habit of having a packet ready for Mr. West each evening.

Then, one day, he did not come in. I knew he was in his office because there was a light in the window, so slipping a packet of cigarettes in my handbag I locked up the shop and went across to find out if he needed any.

My customer opened the door to me himself. When he saw me holding up the cigarettes he was greatly entertained.

"Well, this *is* service!" he exclaimed. I was invited to enter, and so I paid the first of many visits to Robert West's offices

From that time onwards rarely a week passed when the occasion did not arise for me to call on Mr. West on some excuse or other, and we became very friendly. I did not pause to reflect that I was falling in love with this man.

FINDING him in his office as usual one evening, I chided my friend for working too hard. He explained that his wife was away and he did not care to go home to an empty house.

When I suggested he should spend the evening with some of his friends he said he saw enough of them during the day. I then said I was going to the pictures and invited him to come with me.

Naturally he came. Before he could do so I had bought and paid for the tickets. Naturally he wanted to pay, and I had to pretend to let him, but in the darkness of the kinema I slipped the money back into his coat pocket.

Its discovery next day brought him over hot-foot, as I intended it should, and we had a fierce argument over equality of rights. I claimed that I had invited him, that he was my guest, and that I had a right to pay for the seats.

Of course I received a return invitation to level up things. Later Mr. West took me out to dinner and the theatre.

By this time I had become desperately in love with this man, but although very friendly it was clear that he regarded our friendship very lightly and in no way returned my passion.

I had formed the impression, without any real grounds for doing so, that Mr. West and his wife had very little in common.

They had been married over three years and had no children. She was musical and artistic, while he was neither.

It was easy to persuade myself that they were not suited to each other, that a separation would be a relief to both of them, and that I could make him happy.

When I found that I was making no progress towards winning Mr. West's affection, the jealous thought entered my mind that there must be another woman.

Although I tried by every means in my power to find out whether my suspicions were justified, I could discover nothing on which to fasten until one day Mr. West's typist, Doris Sanders, came into the shop.

For the first time I noticed how attractive she was, and my mind immediately started to play with the idea that she might be my rival.

A week or two later something happened to give colour to my fancy. Doris, whose friendship I had tried to cultivate, came into the shop to tell me Mr. West was taking her to the theatre.

MR. WEST had had to go to Manchester and had brought his dress clothes to the office so that he could change there when he came back.

She was dressing there, too, and was arranging a picnic meal for the two of them, as there would be no time for dinner.

With rage and mortification in my heart I stood behind my window and watched these two drive away in Mr. West's car a few minutes before eight o'clock. I closed the shop, but could not go home.

Shortly after eleven I found myself back at the shop.

I had not long to wait before Mr. West's car appeared. As they got out and entered the office building opposite I could hear their excited talk and laughter. It seemed to me hours before they emerged again and drove away.

As I lay awake that night I pondered on what I could do to revenge myself.

At first I thought I would send Mrs. West an anonymous letter, but decided finally that a bolder policy would be to go and see her.

I shall never forget that interview.

She listened to what I had to say but asked me no questions. I expected to see an exhibition of anger and perhaps tears, but when I had finished Mrs. West said very quietly that she felt sure I was mistaken, but that she would tell her husband of my call.

"Oh, you mustn't mention my name," I gasped. "I don't want him to know that I've been to see you."

"Don't you think you should have thought of that before you came?" asked Mrs. West. "What did you expect me to do? I have no secrets from my husband."

As I walked away I reflected on my foolishness.

A FEW months later I saw in the local newspaper an announcement that his wife had given birth to a son. Then I realised to the full the extent of my folly.

When I read in the newspapers today of the way homes are wrecked by the unbridled passions of women who covet other women's husbands I am glad that my own ungovernable passion was foiled, and although I have never cared for any other man, I realise that I could never have built happiness on the sorrow of others

Odol CLEANS TEETH

Tubes 6d. & 1/-

SEND A POSTCARD for FREE TRIAL TUBE to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.8), Norwich. (Not I.F.S.)

SUMMER FROCK BARGAIN

FLORAL UNCRUSHABLE CREPE MODEL

Sent for

1/-

with order

K.470. This Frock will delight you. Such a pretty floral design on white ground, with gauged front to bodice. The sleeve is fashionably shirred at shoulder, but fits snugly at wrist. Novel mitre collar is obtained by introducing plain shade to tone. Skirt fullness effected by deep pleats each side of front. All round belt with slide to match plain shade of collar.

Send 1/- for this bargain at once and balance may be paid by monthly instalments of 2/-.

SIZES: SW. 45, 48, W. 46, 48, 50. WX. 49. (WX. 1/- extra)

PREDOMINATING SHADES: Rose, Lemon. New Blue, Turquoise.

Full Price, 9/11

K. 470 BARGAIN COUPON.

Please send me, on approval, Frock K. 470, at Bargain Price of 9/11.

Size..... Colour.....

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. postage, and will pay balance either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/-. If I return the Frock, unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit. **Enclose Coupon, full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address and P.O. crossed thus // in ink.**

POST THIS TODAY

Overseas full cash only.

John Bull, 27/6/36. No. 509.

Send at once to:—

AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 509, Ambrose House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

"I was quite bald and obliged to wear a silk cap."

Her Hair Grew by using KOTALKO

NEWQUAY.

Twelve months ago I lost all my hair and was quite bald and was obliged to wear a silk cap.

Seeing Kotalko advertised I decided to try it, which I am most thankful I did, for I am now able to show you by my photograph all that Kotalko has done for me, the thickness is most surprising.

For miles around, people are surprised to see the growth of hair.—(Miss) W. H. MAY.

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using KOTALKO & KOTALKO SOAP. They re-grow the hair by freeing the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all other poisonous and malodorous-pore-cloggings, softening the hardened scalp and restoring its healthful colour, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair roots.

KOTALKO

TRUE HAIR GROWER

Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (53 Rd.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Who's afraid?

What some mothers write in their letters to Nestlé's seems little short of a miracle. But a miracle of science and common sense. Time and again, when all else has failed, Nestlé's Milk has built a beautiful child from a tiny, wasting baby. All because all of its rich creamy goodness can all be digested—with ease.

A mother's word:—

"and he never gained at all. At 6 months old he weighed 9 lbs. I was advised to try Nestlé's Milk. Now, at 8 months old he weighs 16 lbs. and is happy and contented as any baby could be."

MRS. R. G. T., DONCASTER, *whose letter may be seen at Nestlé's London Office.*

CURDS—*and why*

1. This is the large, indigestible curd which fresh cow's milk forms in the baby stomach.

2. And this is the fine soft curd formed by Nestlé's Milk. Light, small flakes, easily and rapidly digested. All the cream and goodness of rich farm milk is changed into sturdy flesh and bone—without any trouble at all.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

LARGE SIZE 7½D

SMALL SIZE 4D

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The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Send for *Bluemel's* new CYCLE ACCESSORY CATALOGUE

Full of useful cycling information as well as Bluemel's "Famous for Quality" accessories.

Send a postcard now to **BLUEMEL BROS. LTD., Dept. 12b, WOLSTON, near COVENTRY.**

APPETITES *do* need tempting in the summer months. When eating less of other foods, you should adjust the balance by eating more HOVIS.

Had your HOVIS *today?*

There is Strength in every Slice

Best Bakers Bake It H10SC

'That's the stuff for a thirst like mine'

HEARTLESS *League of* MERCY

A NEW drive on an exceptionally widespread scale is being made by an organisation known as the Christian Volunteer Force, and, though we have already had something to say about its activities, we feel it in the public interest to issue a fresh and more detailed warning, particularly as there have been developments of a surprising character.

When we say that the "Force" is operating in Glasgow, Govan, Bridgeton, Stirling, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Coventry, Cardiff, Belfast and many other towns in the United Kingdom, it will be seen that the organisers mean business.

Well, we mean business, too. We mean to see that generous-hearted members of the public are not imposed upon in what, to put it bluntly, is just an impudent exploitation of the charitable instinct.

Door-to-door

Parading, as they do, with smart uniforms, with military facings and badges, and boasting such titles as Commanders and Staff-Captains, the members of the Christian Volunteer Force doubtless succeed in leading the populace to suppose that their organisation is of considerable importance.

We can denounce it as a colossal sham, unworthy of the slightest support.

Our investigations show that in any town where the Christian Volunteer Force establishes a "station," there is a set plan of making an appeal to the generous-hearted public for funds.

Workers are sent out on a commission basis to collect money by door-to-door calls. These workers are well primed with sales talk. They describe eagerly, if vaguely, the social work that is supposedly carried on by the Christian Volunteer Force.

They enlarge on the work being done at the "Orphanage," which they say costs approximately £20 a week to maintain. In the summer months they appeal for funds to take poor children for outings. In the winter the appeal is for Christmas dinners, coals and food for the needy.

All the time "Commander" Hutchinson is at work driving and spurring his "Staff-Captains" and collectors to further efforts.

Latest idea

Special sums are fixed for collection in certain towns, and woe-betide those who fail to reach the stipulated figure.

In addition, there is a pernicious scheme of "Altar Gifts," by means of which many poor people are persuaded to give money they can ill afford. It all goes to "Commander" Hutchinson, who sits at his headquarters in Glasgow, like a spider in the centre of his web.

One of the latest ideas of this master of charity racketeering is to advertise for 5,000 members to join the new Volunteer Orphanage Auxiliary League.

The following conditions must be undertaken by those becoming members:

(1) To contribute 2s. 6d. yearly.

(2) To send two useful articles yearly.

(3) To secure two new members yearly.

"No one will miss 2s. 6d. and two useful articles," adds this plausible chief of the Christian Volunteers.

In addition, there is an obviously faked "Orphans' Message" which betrays the hand of "Commander" Hutchinson:

"Dear Friends,—We want you to become members of the Auxiliary League. It will help so much. We are glad we have a nice home, and good food, and we are very happy; but we know the Commander would give us much more if only he had the money. Will you help him? He is the only father we have now in this world. He cannot give us what he has not; so will you help him to help us? Thank you so much.

"(Signed) The Orphans."

That is a perfect specimen of the nauseating humbug of "Commander" Hutchinson, who is a past-master in the art of extracting money from the pockets of the generous-hearted.

Not long ago he organised a great "drive" at Wolverhampton, and to aid him in his work a young student was appointed in the town as "Staff-Captain."

Not paid

That this young man was not asked for references at the time surprised him, but he was anxious to give his life to the work of social service. At that time he was full of enthusiasm, for he did not realise the character of the Christian Volunteer Force.

But disillusion was soon to come.

He found that his "station" was surrounded by debt. Rent on the Mission Hall in Dudley Road, Wolverhampton, was in arrears to the extent of over £20.

A motor-coach proprietor had not been paid for taking out a party of children, although this money had been collected from the public.

But that was not all. There were numerous small debts outstanding and this newly appointed "Staff-Captain," much to the annoyance of "Commander" Hutchinson, began to pay off these debts by using money he had received in collections.

Gradually he managed to pay off the arrears of rent on the Mission Hall and other sums, but it ended in him surrendering his uniform and resigning his commission as "Staff-Captain."

It is not surprising that before he handed back his uniform he received a series of harsh letters from the National Headquarters of the Christian Volunteer Force, Bath Street, Glasgow.

This young man had been set a goal of £35 to collect, but his efforts aroused the displeasure of the "Commander."

"Staff-Captain" Percy Morris, of the Headquarters Staff, wrote: "Dear Captain, the Commander has received your Central Fund remittance and schedules, and he is not only very surprised, but agitated about the results."

Resignation

Then followed some undignified squabbling about debts, including one for chairs! In the circumstance it is not surprising that this young "Staff-Captain" resigned.

His place has been taken in Wolverhampton by "Staff-Captain" Hutchinson, who was at one time active with the Christian Volunteer Force in South Wales.

When he left that district he omitted to pay the rent which was owing for the use of a meeting room.

Repeated applications have failed to gain a settlement of that debt.

A woman who acted as caretaker at the "station" in Canton, Cardiff, and who had provided from her own resources crockery and food for the C.V.F., was also left unpaid.

We have said enough about "Commander" Hutchinson and his activities to warn the public against his small army of collectors.

We are not impressed with his talk about his orphanage, his osteopathic clinic for the sick and deformed, free breakfasts, summer outings for poor children and the rest of his plausible propaganda.

It would be far more interesting if he would produce a properly detailed balance-sheet or statement of accounts!

"Commander" Hutchinson, who is urging his "Staff-Captains" on in a new collecting campaign

"Summer Pie"!

Hours of wonderful entertainment are contained in "Summer Pie," the grand summer magazine which will be on sale on Wednesday, July 8.

Nobody should miss this feast of holiday fun. Its hundred big pages are filled with wonderful stories by famous authors and joke-drawings by leading artists of the hour.

Contributors include Roland Pertwee, Beverley Nichols, Lesley Storm, Christine Jope-Slade and Sir Philip Gibbs. There is a dazzling coloured "Old Bill" cover by Bruce Bairnsfather.

Make sure of *your* copy of "Summer Pie" by placing an order with your newsagent at once. It costs but sixpence, and all profits from its sale will be given to charity.

SAVE TIME

Why start the day with a rush when by shaving with "Morning Pride" you eliminate soaping, brushing, lathering and rubbing. "Morning Pride" gives you the quickest and cleanest shave you have ever had.

MORNING PRIDE

TUBES 1/- JARS 1/6

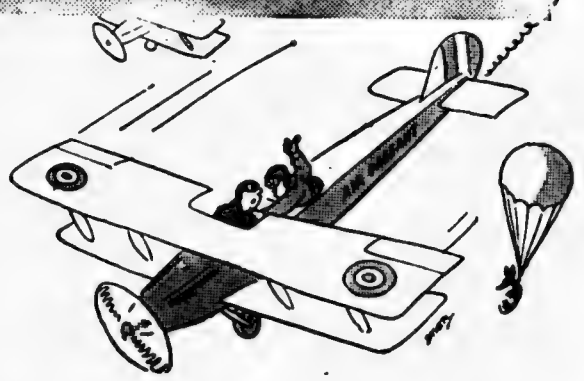
FREE SAMPLE TUBE

Cut out this coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send them with a 1½d. stamp (for postage and packing) to Fassett & Johnson, Ltd. (Dept. A), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

AS PILOTS SAY AT HENDON:

C.C.5150

BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better



THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

"NOW... I'M SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER"
Once she was surprised—delightfully—at the wonderfully exhilarating effect of Palmolive when used in the bath. But now she's only surprised she never thought of using it in the bath before. Especially when, of course, that rich olive-oil lather has the same beautifying effect on arms and shoulders as it has on her complexion.
PALMOLIVE
Women, since the days of Cleopatra, have known olive and palm oils as nature's own beauty treatment: and these, skilfully blended with other beautifying elements, are the main ingredients of Palmolive Soap. Use Palmolive in your bath always and give yourself *all over* the benefit of the soap that creates Schoolgirl Complexions.
3d per tablet

ALL ABOUT BABY

IN THE FAMOUS "LITTLE RED BOOK"

Everyone loves a baby! But the bonny, laughing baby is the one that attracts attention and wins praise and envy for the proud Mother.

The secrets of sturdy health and happy disposition are to be found in Steedman's famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers," as generations have found to their profit and delight.

In this little book every bothersome baby ailment is dealt with in simple form. Advice as to symptoms and treatment, and guidance as to what to do in cases of accident or serious illness while awaiting the doctor.

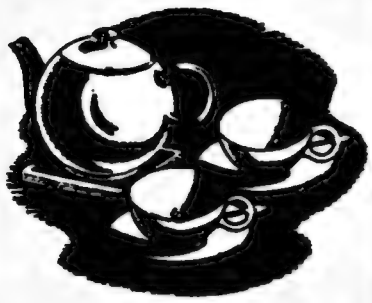
As to Steedman's Powders themselves, it is hardly necessary to reiterate their wonderful properties.

Made especially for childhood's years, they promote healthy regularity, banishing constipation and its attendant ills, purifying the blood stream and keeping it cool. From teething time until fourteen years of age there is no safer nor gentler aperient.

These famous powders can be obtained everywhere at three halfpence for a single powder. When buying, look for the double EE, which protects your little one's health.

And the "Hints to Mothers" booklet is free and post free if you send a postcard, mentioning "John Bull," to John Steedman & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

THIS WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY NO. 11
HE MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR IT
When gathering honey, a bee makes a complicated zig-zag flight from flower to flower, but when it returns to the hive it sets a course so straight that we use the expression 'bee-line' for the most direct route.
WHAT IS THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE?
Fine smooth chocolate with crisp almonds and juicy raisins—Rowntree's Motoring. Remember the name.
CUCKOOS WITH A PIGEON INSTINCT
Young cuckoos remain in England after their parents, who migrate to Africa in July. They follow them later and are able to find their way unaided although they have never been there before.
A MERE TOUCH AND HER HEART WILL BREAK
The reflections in the water of two lovers represent their hearts, so country folk used to say. To disturb the image would mean a broken heart for the girl, but strangely enough the man would escape this magic power.
DO YOU PREFER FOOTPATHS TO MAIN ROADS?
If so, slip a man's-size block of Rowntree's Motoring in your pocket. There's nothing like it for outdoor people — fine smooth chocolate filled with almonds and studded with raisins. The raisins are a cunning idea; they stop you getting thirsty. Each mouthful is packed with stamina. And a quarter-pound block of Motoring gives you enough muscle-energy to walk 10 miles. There's no better meal for the open road.
ROWNTREE'S MOTORING CHOCOLATE
THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE 2 ozs 2d



WE SHALL BE HOME TO TEA

but what does that mean exactly? *Is* it your home, or every month do you have to pay out hard earned money to your landlord? Have you realized that probably without spending a penny more you could be *buying* your house? The Abbey Road has ample funds available to help you to own your own home.

ABBEY ROAD

LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY

Abbey House, Baker St., N.W.1.
Sir Harold Bellman, Man: Director

CVS—253

You're lucky

but William Rufus . .

poor William! Uneasy lies the crown on such a head of hair. A bit of a dandy was Rufus—hence (we suspect) the word "dandruff"! But seriously, what a coiffure! Yet what could the poor chap do with a dressing composed, probably, of neat's foot oil and lard? What he needed was what most smart, economical men use to-day: Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine, which keeps your hair looking like a million dollars. It gives you hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full-size tin costs only 3d. You can pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

FIELD'S Solid BRILLIANTINE

IN THE FAMOUS *Lavender* SERIES

Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

3d 6d PER TIN PER TUBE

Where they Hunted the "Girl Pat" . .

DEVIL'S ISLAND *Racket*

THE most sinister place in the world is in the news again—and in a queer way.

The place is Devil's Island, the penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana to which the Republic sends her reprieved murderers, and her bandits, swindlers, underworld chiefs who at length fall within the clutches of the law.

It is to this strange and accursed coast that the *Girl Pat*, the Grimsby trawler whose ocean wanderings have filled the newspapers for weeks, is reported to have called b e f o r e her arrest. In one report sent by the authorities at Cayenne a vessel exactly like her called at the Salut Islands (of which Devil's Island is one), loaded provisions supplied by the penal settlement on promise of payment at Cayenne, and then vanished into the blue.

She never turned up at Cayenne. The official report adds that *an aeroplane attached to a naval vessel now in the port was sent up* to look for this bilking vessel, and after a lengthy reconnaissance flight sighted a ship similar in appearance travelling northward off the coast of Dutch Guiana.

It is to that statement (in italics) to which we would draw attention, and which has the chief bearing on our story.

The French Government is not in the habit of sending up aeroplanes at considerable expense to search for small vessels which might have got away with a few cases of corned beef. Also, it is many years since a war vessel was stationed at Cayenne.

No—*Girl Pat* or not—the aeroplanes, the war vessels and all this interest by the Devil's Island authorities in unknown small ships are there for another and extraordinary reason which JOHN BULL can now reveal. . . .

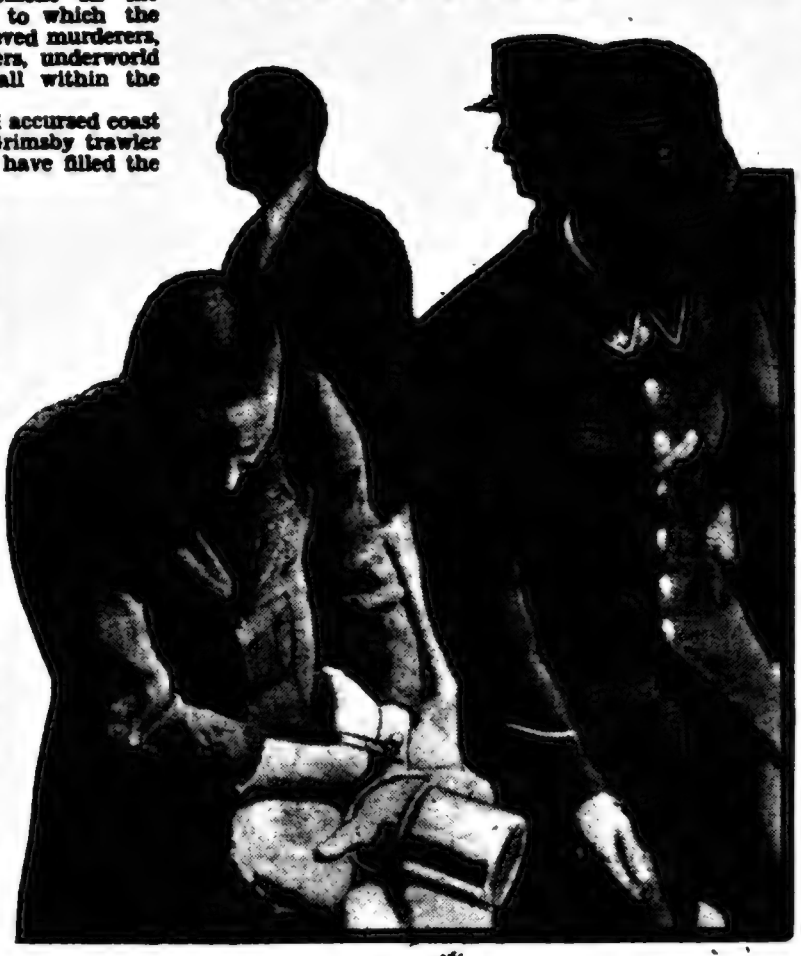
FOR more than a year the French Government has been gravely perturbed over the long series of mysterious escapes which have taken place from Devil's Island.

Not the type of escape which one occasionally reads about where one or two convicts succeed in reaching Trinidad or the foreign mainland after incredible hardships and surviving death from sharks and thirst. That kind of escape happens almost yearly and the authorities scarcely mind; for dozens try and fail for the one who succeeds by his own *unaided* efforts. When they fail, they fail for ever.

No, the type of escape that worries the French Government is a "de luxe" affair. The Government and the *Sureté* (the Scotland Yard of France) have proof of the existence of a highly organised racket for aiding the escape of prisoners from Devil's Island.

Its headquarters are in Marseilles, and it is so sure of itself, and its arrangements are technically so perfect, that for a fixed sum (usually 10,000 francs—about £130) it will *guarantee* to deliver a convict from Devil's Island. It already has a nickname throughout France. They call it the "Metro"—in other words the "underground."

Last autumn six men belonging to a white slave organisation in France, run by a man known to the *Sureté* as "Camille the Corsican," made their escape from the Island of St. Laurent de Maroni, which is one of the same group of settlements as Devil's Island. In this case an aeroplane was actually used! An aeroplane in a place where the only thing used for an escape before had been a rude dug-out canoe or a stolen boat!



No escape for him from Devil's Island—unless "The Metro" comes to his aid

The aeroplane was traced as having landed in Brazilian territory with the six men on board and a pilot and mechanic. It was the "Metro" at work.

A week later another four men escaped from the same island. During the day a large motor ketch of the fishing vessel type and flying the French flag had been seen off the island.

Again, *ten* men got away from Cayenne in one night last year and were recognised as being on board a fishing ketch which put into Oruba in Dutch Guiana a few days later. Afterwards this vessel called in at a Venezuelan port and landed the men.

ON *La Martiniere*, the French prison ship which sailed with a batch of convicts last September, were two men, bandits and white slavers, named Bunello and Barbalozzi. Both had escaped from Devil's Island a year before and had been recaptured in a street fight. They had undergone no terrible privations to get back to their native haunts. They had come home "by Metro."

Special agents of the *Sureté* have been flooding the underworld meeting-places of Marseilles and Paris for months in a desperate endeavour to track down the men behind this racket in escaped convicts. And so serious has the situation become that the French Military Intelligence Service, the "secret service," has also lent men and its organisation for the hunt.

They have managed to unravel the methods employed in the racket, which, in bare outline, are as follows:

Assuming that a woman friend or a "business associate" of a convict on Devil's Island is in touch with the "Metro" and has put up the sum they ask—paid in advance, by the way—the organisation gets in direct touch with the convict. It does this through "contacts" which it possesses among time-served convicts on Devil's Island and the neighbouring settlements. There are hundreds of these men who never come back to France again but stay out there as "civilians."

The convict is told by this old lag how, when and where his escape is to be effected. The chief method developed by the racket is to have a small motor ketch of the trawler type hovering off the settlement at an exact given time.

At night it will come close inshore without lights and the convict will swim out to it or paddle his way out on an improvised raft as soon as he sees the signal.

After that the man or men are landed on Brazilian or other foreign territory. It must be remembered that convicts on Devil's Island, unless they have been unruly, are not locked up at night. Given the means of getting away, escape is easy.

The "Metro" has now provided that means. The Government has always relied on the terrible marshes and the shark-filled sea around to make Devil's Island impregnable. The "Metro" racket has now broken the way wide open.

That is why there are warships and aeroplanes now stationed at Devil's Island and why they display such interest in the movements of strange small vessels.

THAT interest has been intensified as soon as it became known some months ago that the racket had been endeavouring to acquire a share or some control in small vessels flying another flag than the French.

Now that a naval vessel has been sent to Cayenne it would be a very serious matter for a French crew to be caught helping prisoners to escape. So serious, perhaps, as to deter a French vessel from going on working for the racket, in spite of the enormous amount of money to be made.

But not so serious a matter for a foreigner.

Why suffer with Backache?

HEALTHY, active kidneys are your surest protection against backache, urinary disorders, disturbed nights, renal dropsy, rheumatism and sciatica. These troubles start when the delicate kidney filters fail to extract harmful impurities from the blood. Don't expect the kidneys to right themselves. Stop the mischief by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills without delay.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

For fifty years this special kidney tonic has been restoring grateful men and women to health in all parts of the world. Why not let it do the same for you?

INSIST UPON DOANS. 1/3, 2/-, 5/-.

French Military Intel-
e "secret service," has
d its organisation for

naged to unravel the
l in the racket, which,
re as follows:
a woman friend or a
te" of a convict on
in touch with the
put up the sum they
ance, by the way—the
in direct touch with
oes this through "con-
possesses among time-
Devil's Island and the
tlements. There are
ndreds of these men
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The convict is told by
s old lag how, when
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be effected. The chief
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cket is to have a small
otor ketch of the
awler type hovering off
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act given time.
At night it will come
ose inshore without
hts and the convict
ll swim out to it or
ddle his way out on an
provised raft as soon
he sees the signal.
After that the man or
en are landed on
razilian or other foreign
rritory. It must be re-
embered that convicts
Devil's Island, unless
ey have been unruly,
e not locked up at
ght. Given the means
getting away, escape is
sy.
The "Metro" has now
ovided that means
he Government has
ways relied on the ter-
ble marshes and the
ark-filled sea around to
ake Devil's Island im-
egnable. The "Metro"
cket has now broken
e way wide open.
That is why there are
arships and aeroplanes
w stationed at Devil's
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has been intensified as
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and women to health in all
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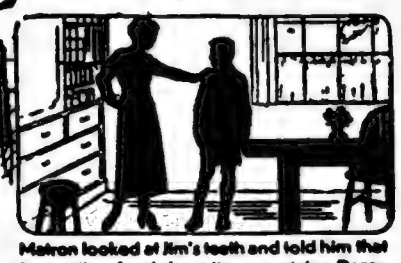
DOANS. 1/3, 2/-, 5/-.

"YOU CAN THANK YOUR IMPROVEMENT IN SPORTS FOR-THIS. OLD MAN"

(But it really was "thanks to GIBBS DENTIFRICE")

Jim Robbins was cold-shouldered during his first term. He was dull and no good at sports (or work). Queerly enough, toothache saved him! He saw Matron about it.



Matron looked at Jim's teeth and told him that fermenting food deposits were giving Decay a chance to create poisons in his mouth and so making him feel altogether seedy.

"Use Gibbs Dentifrice and keep your teeth thoroughly clean," she said. Jim noticed that boys he admired used Gibbs. He got some, and liked the fine fresh feeling it gave.

"I'm playing Robbins in the Second," remarked the Captain. "Marvellous the difference in him lately," replied Jim's house-master. "He's come on fast since using Gibbs."

Health, appearance, vitality, depend so much on good teeth. Do as Dentists do and advise—use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day. Gibbs Dentifrice cleans and polishes as nothing else can; kills decay germs, purifies every nook and cranny of the teeth and mouth. Keeps the enamel sparkling bright and beautiful. Change to Gibbs to-day.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—defend them with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

SOLID CAKES In Tins, 7½d. 1/-, Bottle 11d. 1/6. TOOTH PASTE In Tubes, 6d & 1/-

GD11BL

"START WITH BONDMAN OLD SON'

LLOYDS'

BONDMAN

is always

FRESH

– it's packed in Vacuum Tins

- BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½d. per oz.
- BONDMAN EMPIRE BLEND : : . 10d. per oz.

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.2.

YOURS FOR 16 WITH ORDER

RITA

J.B

RITA Fashionable Two-piece well-tailored—"Modern Times" floral print, three-quarter coat in plain art. marocain. Coat in Black, Navy, Brown, Lido, Green; with floral frock to tone. In S.S.W., S.W., W.

Price 39/6 (Also in W.X.)

Please send "Rita," for which I enclose 2/3 (1/6 deposit and 9d. postage). I will pay the balance of price by fortnightly instalments of 3/-.

Deposit refunded if not satisfied.

Colour..... Bust.....

Hips..... Length.....

Send this coupon with full name and address and Postal Order to

Write for Ladies' Winter Catalogue

Smallwood

263-271, Regent Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

SHAVE THIS NEW WAY .....

A free Sample Tube of "Morning Pride"—the new simplified, brushless shaving method—will be sent in return for coupon on p. 30. Enclose 1½d. for postage, etc.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 3-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. £4.17.6

Easy Payments 8/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. J. L. of Wallsend, writes:—"I received the S-3 Set quite safely and in good condition. I am surprised at the number of stations I can get. My friends cannot believe I am paying only 2d. a day. I have never won a better job."

Mr. S. J. of London S.E.25, writes:—"I received your S-3 on Monday. I had the Set fixed up within an hour, and it went splendidly. For tone and quality it is unsurpassed—and I've listened to a few sets. Everything is O.K."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

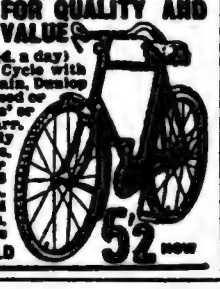
HOLDS FALSE TEETH TIGHT AS CEMENT

Plates cannot possibly slip when you sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder. Largest seller in the world—holds plates so tight they cannot annoy yet so comfortable they actually feel and act like your own. Keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant—special comfort-cushion prevents sensitive gums from getting sore. Small cost—sold by Chemists everywhere.

THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

"I find Urace brand tablets excellent not only in allaying the acute pains of neuritis and rheumatism, but in improving the general condition in chronic cases."—Miss ——, Eastbourne.
Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist 1/3 and 3/-.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



5/2 now

8/3 per month (less than 3d. a day) buys the Graves "FLORENT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 8/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

INDIGESTION made these men Afraid to Eat

You can therefore imagine their gratitude when at last they found something which promptly ended their stomach misery and made new men of them. Here are their own words:—

"I am writing to tell you of the great benefit I have received from 'Bisurated' Magnesia after suffering many years from dyspepsia. At times it has been most terrible, but 'Bisurated' Magnesia has worked wonders. I strongly recommend it to all stomach and gastric sufferers." G.S.

"For 9 years I was suffering from acute pains in the stomach—I could not eat without terrible suffering. I tried a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, and the results were marvellous. The pain stopped in a few minutes and since then I have been able to eat my food without pain." F.R.E.

The reason why 'Bisurated' Magnesia gives such remarkably quick relief from Indigestion, Gastritis and Flatulence is that the small dose goes straight to the *cause* of the trouble: excess stomach acid. X-ray experiments prove that the moment 'Bisurated' Magnesia reaches the stomach it neutralises this excess acid, instantly stops pain and wards off ulceration. 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be obtained in either powder or tablet form from any Chemist at 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. There is also a handy pocket tin of 24 tablets for 6d. If you want to be certain of prompt and complete relief from stomach misery, get a supply of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to-day.

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

Rolling's easier . Smoking's better —with A.G

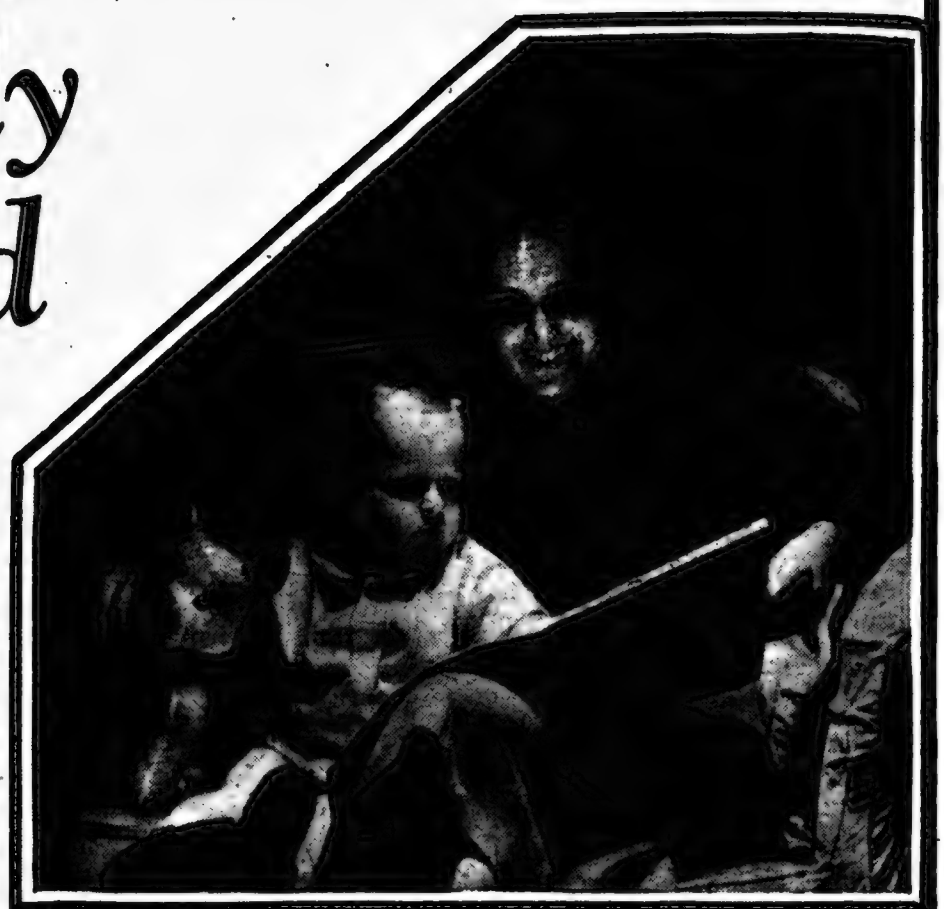
Whether you roll by hand or machine, use these crisper A.G. papers and roll neater cigarettes. You'll get cooler smokes too, and extra enjoyment from your tobacco, for A.G. are specially made for slower burning and don't fizzle away. Ask for the Automatic packet. It's really automatic—gives you one paper at a time, gummed edge first always. Yet it costs no more. So insist on A.G.

Fits all machines and gives best results.

AG PAPERS *Now packed in 2 styles*

THE NEW AUTOMATIC PACK COSTS NO MORE

Family Friend No 1



Secure in the comforting knowledge that "John Bull's" great insurance scheme is behind her . . .

WITH this issue of JOHN BULL we are able to make an announcement that our readers will recognise as needing no undue embellishment.

It is that with a recent payment under JOHN BULL'S great free family insurance scheme we have paid to our readers, at a time when they have been hit hard by the hand of Fate, a sum *now exceeding half a million pounds.*

This colossal figure, we need hardly say, is far in excess of any amount ever expended by any other weekly journal in free service to its readers.

But we do not reveal this huge distribution of half a million pounds in any spirit of vainglory, but rather in the confidence that the facts themselves will convey far more completely than any superlatives both the national importance of the JOHN BULL scheme *and the pressing duty of every reader to avail himself of it in justice, not only to himself, but to those who are dependent on him for their welfare.*

Let us tell our readers something about the organisation behind this scheme which provides for the security of the great JOHN BULL family of over a million and a half readers.

This organisation is centred in a building in Long Acre, London, which one reader has been enthusiastic enough to christen "the Haven of the Distressed."

IT is a most important department of JOHN BULL. The amazing thing about it is the manner in which every application for assistance under the scheme receives individual consideration which we know to be unmatched both for sympathy and generosity.

It is that aspect of this wonderful service which brings hope to the hopeless and softens the blows of Fate—which more than anything makes us feel that the bond between us and our readers is no ordinary one.

It would take you—or any one person—several months to read through all the applications for benefit we have answered with our cheques. Space will only permit us to show you a few.

To begin with there are *exclusive benefits offered by no other paper in the world.* It is a fact that this is the only journal to safeguard all those precious possessions that are summed up under the one word Home, against the common enemies—fire, flood, storm and tempest.

Many of our cheques go to repair the ravages of the demon fire in homes that have taken a lifetime to gather together—household treasures made doubly dear by long association. You would be staggered if you knew how often mankind's most dreaded enemy is set moving by a single spark.

Harrowing indeed are the stories of homes ruined and laid waste by the fire fiend.

Then there is flood. Who cannot recall the flood havocs of the last twelve months, the streets turned into rivers, boats become ordinary means of conveyance—and inevitably homes devastated and families rendered homeless?

They are never *left* homeless—if they are registered readers of JOHN BULL.

Again there is illness, which must necessarily mean a strain on the family income that often the ordinary purse cannot meet save by exhausting reserves put on one side for holidays or clothes. Here, too, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to provide this benefit for its readers.

THOUSANDS of cheques have been despatched for home accidents. Without a doubt more perils than one ever supposes lurk unsuspected in the harmless routine of our homes—homes in which, surprising as it may seem to you, no fewer than 11,000 people were killed last year.

It is at times such as these that we come forward with substantial cheques. They do not make up for loss of the breadwinner, but they do much to alleviate the financial anxiety of dependants left to face the world alone.

Nor must we omit the ready assistance we have given to the parents of children who have met with disaster in the playground. Benefits are also paid for accidents in the sports field, boating and bathing fatalities, loss by burglary—even for damage by lightning to the family wireless set.

Don't forget our holiday protection. Don't forget that while registered readers and their families are holiday-making, the whole wide protection of this free insurance scheme is theirs.

And remember, too, this special benefit of the JOHN BULL scheme—that, when a widowed mother registers, any assistance due to her is also due to any son or daughter on whom the carrying on of the home depends.

These are the types of payment made from the busy office we have described.

AS to the scope of this great scheme we can only point to that figure of £500,000.

There, then—without undue embellishment, just as we promised—is a little peep behind the scenes of the organisation that has done so much for thousands. We could add stories from the letter files in which the thanks of recipients are stored—full of tributes to the absence of red tape and officiousness and the speed and ungrudgingness of the payments we make.

But they belong to the half a million pounds we have paid. And we are thinking now of the help we are going to give in future.

If you have not registered already you have only to fill up the coupon on page 2—the work of a moment, a simple act that may mean much to you and yours one day.

Remember, there is nothing to pay—and *do it now!*

£2,500 TREASURE HUNT

Hunt through your collection of snaps to-day—there may be one worth £2,500 in cash to you. That is the gigantic first prize which is offered free for a single snap in the *Daily Herald's* great new Snapshot competition.

There is £500 extra, making £3,000 in all, if the winner of the first prize is a registered reader of the *Daily Herald*, and there are other big cash prizes, too, in addition to unlimited £2 2s. awards for each entry reproduced from time to time in the *Daily Herald*.

Each snapshot will be individually judged, and there is no limit to the number of these awards you can win, but whether you are awarded any of these special prizes or not, your snaps will still be eligible for the big cash prizes.

It's the picture that matters, not the camera. The winning snap is just as likely to have been taken with a modest box camera as with one much more expensive.

Start sending in your snaps now. Send as many entries as you like. The competition is absolutely free—*there is nothing to pay.* Full particulars and free entry form are given on page 5.

A further Free Entry Form appears each day in the *Daily Herald*. Simply affix the form to the back of your snap and send it in

PRESERVE
Your Blankets
Keating's keeps Blankets, Woollies, etc., free from moth and insect pests. Use freely (dry) when Spring cleaning. Cartons: 2d., 6d. and 1/-.
KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc. even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

NEW WASHING METHOD TAKES ONLY 2 MINUTES' BOIL OR 12 MINUTES' SOAK

TWO ASTOUNDING SHORT-CUTS REVEALED IN WASHING TESTS

SCIENTIFIC washing tests have just been completed that reveal two facts of the utmost importance to every woman who wants a faster, easier wash, a more economical wash, a dazzling white wash—yet a wash that is absolutely safe for clothes, fast colours and hands.

First of all, these tests show that 2 minutes' actual BOILING in Rinso is all you need.

Secondly, the tests reveal that clothes that don't need boiling, or are too delicate to stand hot water, can be SOAKED clean in 12 minutes in warm Rinso suds.

This new way of washing makes all former methods hopelessly extravagant and out of date.

Saves Work, Fuel, Time and Money

All you do with the things you want to boil is this: put them into the copper with Rinso, bring them to the boil in the usual way, then boil for 2 *minutes only*.

You'll find they come out spotless. You won't have to rub them hard at all—just give a *light rub* to places that are particularly grubby!

For the things that don't need boiling, or are too delicate to stand such hot water, there's no longer any necessity whatever to rub them for hours.

You simply let them soak for a short 12 *minutes* by the clock in Rinso's thick creamy lather, then squeeze them gently in the suds. That's all—except for the very lightest rubbing of places where the dirt has been ground in. Everything will be brilliantly clean!

No more backache. No more tiresome washing-through. No more of that exhausted feeling at the end of your washday.

Think of the work saved by this new swift way of washing! Think of the time saved, and the fuel. Your clothes will be out on the line hours sooner!

Makes Other Methods Hopelessly Out of Date

The remarkable way Rinso works is the same when you boil clothes and when you soak them: beneath that thick lather there are masses of rich Rinso suds that loosen the dirt, trap it, hold it fast. You don't have to *rub* the dirt out. Rinso lather *rolls* it away.

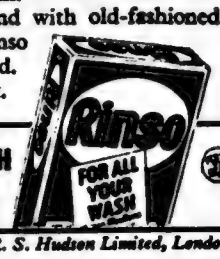
And Rinso needs no outside help, either from you or from any other washing agent. Rinso saves you money by doing your whole wash alone and unaided.

Moreover, scientific test proves that Rinso works so much more efficiently than many washing powders, that you pay *one-third less* to do your weekly wash with it.

And in spite of its ease and speed, Rinso is absolutely safe. There are no destructive chemicals in it to fade colours or wear out the fabric.

So—if you want a sparkling wash, an easier, faster wash, a safer wash—use Rinso. In 2 minutes you can boil clothes clean. Or, in 12 minutes, Rinso's lather will soak them clean.

Don't lag behind with old-fashioned methods. Get Rinso tomorrow. 3½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet.



RINSO DOES YOUR WHOLE WASH ALONE AND UNAIDED

R 2238-541 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*

"THIS BOOK PUT ME ON THE ROAD TO GOOD HEALTH"

That is what thousands of sufferers have said after taking the Herbal treatment suggested for their complaint by the famous book of Herbs. Heath and Heather Herbs are not a cure-all, but provide a *specific* remedy for each ailment. No matter what form your illness takes, you will find Nature's own remedy for it among the wonderful herbs described in this book.

★ *Read these unsolicited testimonials from users of Heath and Heather's Herbal Remedies.*

"These Herbs have been really wonderful. They have convinced me that your Herb Book should be in everyone's home."—M.W.

"I have proved the magic of herbs. . . . I was told that only an operation would save me—to-day I am feeling better than I have done for years."—W. J. M.

"The chronic cough is now practically non-existent. I am truly glad I got in touch with your firm."—T. M.

"I can recommend you, for whatever I have had from you has always been satisfactory."—D. H.

FREE!

THE FAMOUS BOOK OF HERBS

Here is a wonderful opportunity to secure a free copy of the famous book of herbs—the book that has meant NEW HEALTH to hundreds of thousands. Send for this book to-day, without fail. Then you can say Good-bye to ill-health once and for all! Fill in the coupon NOW.

* *The Old Herbalist.*"

ALL REMEDIES OBTAINABLE DIRECT FROM

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Please send me free and without obligation on my part, a copy of the famous book of Herbs.

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Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

SHARE WITH A MILLION OTHERS THE SECRET OF PERFECT HEALTH

Pain after Eating

ACIDITY, GASTRITIS, & INDIGESTION DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC.

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION No. 1077. Popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Prices 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 tablets).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B. 36), 42, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4.

Special Book on Indigestion Cures and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B.314). Post Free on request.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

The only way your body can clean out health-destroying Acids from your blood is through nine million tiny Kidney tubes or filters, but beware of cheap, drastic, irritating drugs. If Kidney or Bladder Troubles make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Backache, Dizziness, Circles Under the Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-Tex). Brings new vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure in 8 days or money back. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists. The guarantee protects you.

YADIL WAY TO HEALTH

YADIL, the famous garlic remedy, has achieved remarkable success in cases of Chest, Lung, Digestive and Rheumatic complaints. If you would know how YADIL, the safe internal antiseptic, can help you to be really well, send for the free YADIL Health Book.

YADIL *Write now for Free Copy YADIL HEALTH BOOK.*

1/3 and larger from Chemists. Or direct from YADIL (1935), LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Springfield, London, E.5.

HAY FEVER

CATARRH HEAD COLDS

Relief in 30 seconds. Nostroline nasal remedy stops Hay Fever, Catarrh, Head Colds, Summer Stuffiness. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Stops nasal discharge, irritation, soreness. Relieves your stuffed-up nostrils, sore throat, watering eyes and headache. 1/3 all Chemists.

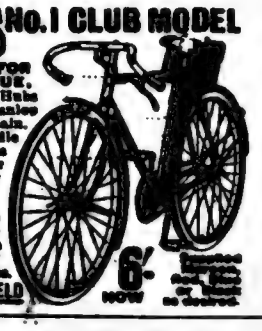
'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J. 57. Clifton, Bristol

GRAVES NO. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, 23in. Nesting Hubs quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lamps mounted on Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Resilent Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Brooks Spring Seat, Saddle, Hold-all, Mat, Reflector and Accessories. Ladies' or Gent's same price £4.19.6 or 6/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



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FOR BEER
REFRESHING & SUSTAINING
SPLENDID TONIC & FOOD
EASILY MADE AT HOME
FROM
VIGGORMALT
(REGD.)
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH
EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS
Simply add cold water
FREE YEAST WITH EACH TIN
FOR 1D. PER PINT ALE or STOUT
Get a Shilling tin of Viggormalt to-day from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Parkes, or any Store, Chemist or Grocer; or send Stamps or P.O. for one shilling direct to VIGGORMALT Ltd., (Dept 7. K), Dwigdor Rd., HOVE, SUSSEX. Postage extra for abroad.
State whether for Ale or for Stout when ordering.

PILES
NEGLECTED, MAY LEAD TO SERIOUS OPERATION
Many people suffer in silence untold agonies, constant brain-wearying irritation and pain caused by piles, simply because they have never discussed this trouble with even such a confidant as their chemist. If you are a sufferer, make up your mind to ask your chemist about the wonderful preparation Man Zan. This clean, simple-to-use remedy is just marvellous in the quick way it stops the maddening irritation, allays inflammation and, persevered with, banishes the most serious form of this agonising trouble.
Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is no ordinary ointment, but a special preparation solely for those with pile trouble. It is prepared in a special nozzle applicator tube, making it simple and clean to use. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/-.
ManZan
BRAND
PILE REMEDY

BETS BY POST
1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-;
£1; £2; £5; £10
up to any amount accepted.
LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
FULL STARTING PRICE
or Totalisator Returns as desired
ALL POSTAGE PAID
NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE
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THE SPORTSMAN'S
COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing and Greyhounds.
Please send particulars of your Service. I am over 21 years of age.
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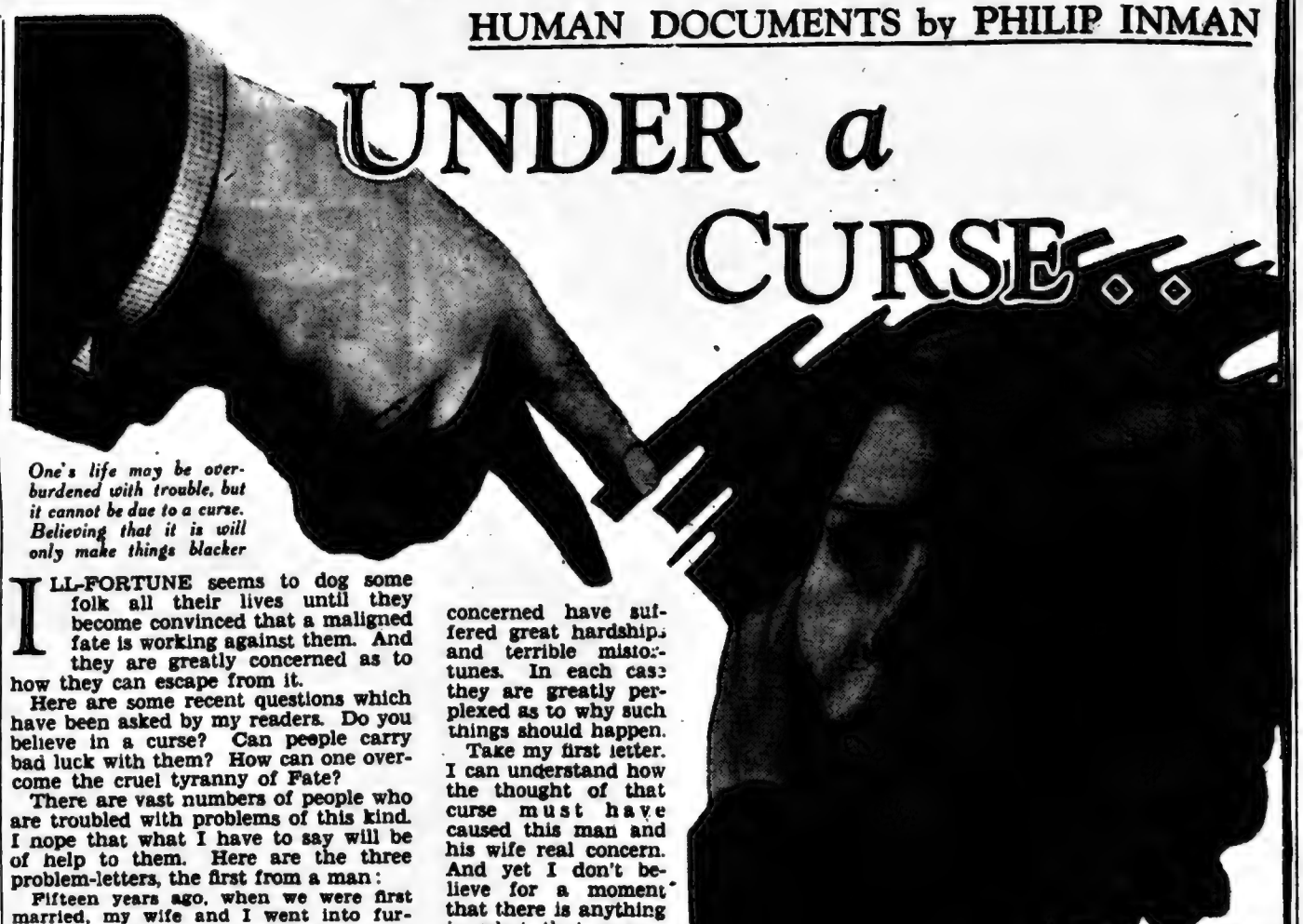
HUMAN DOCUMENTS by PHILIP INMAN

UNDER a CURSE . . .



One's life may be overburdened with trouble, but it cannot be due to a curse. Believing that it is will only make things blacker

ILL-FORTUNE seems to dog some folk all their lives until they become convinced that a maligned fate is working against them. And they are greatly concerned as to how they can escape from it.

Here are some recent questions which have been asked by my readers. Do you believe in a curse? Can people carry bad luck with them? How can one overcome the cruel tyranny of Fate?

There are vast numbers of people who are troubled with problems of this kind. I hope that what I have to say will be of help to them. Here are the three problem-letters, the first from a man:

Fifteen years ago, when we were first married, my wife and I went into furnished rooms, but after a few days we found it impossible to remain in them owing to the conduct of the owner of the house. When we told her that we were leaving she used these words: "I will curse you to my dying day. You will have nothing but sickness and want all your life."

Six weeks afterwards my wife had a serious illness, which lasted several months, and during that time I lost my job. I was unemployed for some time and as soon as I started work again I had an accident, which necessitated a serious operation and kept me in hospital for ten months. Since then I have had five more operations and have not been able to do any work.

It has been nothing but suffering and shortage of food. Do you think the "curse" was the cause of all this? We have one child and have spent many sleepless nights wondering whether the curse will affect him. What do you think? We value your understanding greatly.

ALTHOUGH there is no suggestion of a curse in the second letter, there is an equally distressing catalogue of afflictions. This correspondent says:

My sister has got the idea into her head that she is unlucky both to herself and other people. When she was in her 'teens a married man, who was older and ought to have known better, betrayed her, but the baby died. She obtained work, but she did not keep her job long and then went to stay with an aunt.

While she was with her one of her children died and my sister then went to visit an old school friend, and during the time she was there her husband died. Now this woman is telling people not to have my sister in their homes, as she brings bad luck.

What can she do? She is beginning to believe it is true and I'm afraid her nerves are suffering in consequence. Do you think it possible for a person to bring bad luck?

And for my third example I will quote a letter received from a young widow:

In the early part of this year I lost my mother and shortly afterwards my husband. As the result of the terrible shock I had a breakdown and when I was just recovering I was badly burned when using an oil lamp for heating one of my rooms. I am a teacher of music and for a long time I have been working hard with one of my promising pupils, expecting big things from her, but I am sorry to say that she has completely failed me.

Now my dear old dog, who has been a comfort to me in my sorrows, is very ill and the veterinary surgeon advises an operation, and at the same time he tells me it may be fatal. It seems that the cruel tyranny of Fate is casting its influence over everything I do and everything belonging to me. I wonder why it should be so?

I have linked these three letters together because there is a common affinity between them. In each case the people concerned have suffered great hardships and terrible misfortunes. In each case they are greatly perplexed as to why such things should happen.

Take my first letter. I can understand how the thought of that curse must have caused this man and his wife real concern. And yet I don't believe for a moment that there is anything in what that woman says. I say this for two reasons. In the first place, there are crowds of folk who are "oppressed with innumerable ills." And yet nobody has ever wilfully wished them harm.

"Poor So-and-So," it is often said, "nothing seems to go right with them." And that pity is often turned to practical help. Then I don't believe that it is possible for any human being to cause ruin to descend upon a man and his family by uttering a curse. If that were so, a great many would be affected.

Some years ago I had a tyrannical employer. He was hated by everybody who worked for him. "I loathe that fellow," said one of my fellow-workers. "I hope and pray something will soon happen to him." That employer is still alive and still a tyrant. And yet he continues to prosper. I am sorry for my correspondent in his troubles. But, frankly, I don't think they are due to that curse.

Now a word about the girl who figures in my second letter. What has happened in this case is perfectly clear. She has been associated with an unfortunate series of misfortunes. And just because of that fact, a stupid and ignorant woman is laying the blame at her door.

I am convinced that those fatalities would have happened if that girl had not paid those visits. She has lived in her own home for a number of years and nothing untoward has happened there. And her sister is obviously not influenced by any fear of this kind. It is pure fancy to attribute bad luck to any one person.

I am sure that all my readers will sympathise with the writer of my third letter. That young widow has struck a bad patch. To lose her mother and her husband within such a short time is indeed a grievous calamity. "And not all the talking since Adam can make death to be other than death."

BUT those bereavements, alas! come to all of us. They are among life's strangest mysteries and most painful experiences.

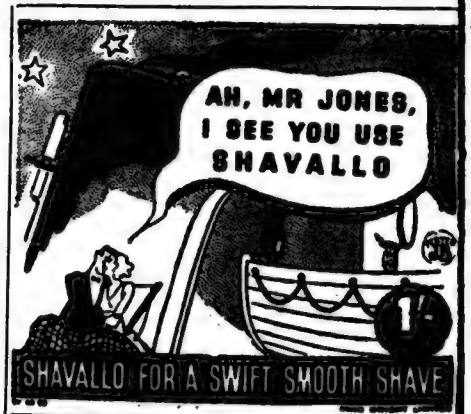
Now in the three cases I have quoted I can't make up for my readers that which has passed. But I can encourage them about what is to come. All of them have suffered heavily. There is a danger of them brooding over these things until they allow themselves to get into a very low nervous and physical condition. Then they are inclined to give up the fight. "What is the use of struggling," they say, "for nothing good will ever come to us."

There is a lot of truth in some of our old proverbs. And many a weary traveller has found that it is a long lane that has no turning. Life is very much like a serial story in a magazine. You never know what is going to happen in the next instalment. "There is always to-morrow," said Thomas Hardy in one of his novels. And to-morrow the fates may change completely.

I HAVE just been reading the epic story of the man who discovered America. Columbus and his crew were sailing where man had never sailed before. Those sailors wanted to turn back. They threatened mutiny. But the iron-willed Columbus said, "We go on." And they found America.

So I urge my three correspondents and all who feel like them to carry on. And may the clouds that have gathered round their lives disappear and the sun start to shine again.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.



OH! My Poor Feet

"MY CORN IS NEARLY DRIVING ME MAD — NOTHING SEEMS TO REMOVE IT"
"DON'T BE SILLY MARY! DO WHAT I DID. REUDEL SALTS WILL FETCH IT RIGHT OUT."
THAT NIGHT
MARY TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE AND SOAKED HER CORN IN A HOT REUDEL FOOTBATH. TO HER JOY AND AMAZEMENT THE CORN CAME OUT ROOT AND ALL.
"HELLO MARY, YOU LOOK BRIGHTER THAN I'VE SEEN YOU FOR MONTHS! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"
"WHY JIM I'VE GOT RID OF MY CORN AT LAST. IT'S LIKE WALKING ON AIR."

THE most agonising foot troubles can be quickly relieved and corns completely removed by a 'Reudel Salts' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Salts' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Salts' . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J.———— O.B.E., M.D.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath Salts' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL BATH Salts

Pronounced 'ROO-DEL'

Sold only in YELLOW Packets

Absolutely unequalled for ALL FOOT TROUBLES

1/6 • 2/6

Larger size contains double quantity.

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull" Shop Window on pp. 2 & 3.

I get a grand smoke for

Eightpence

"When I buy 'Digger,' I get a tobacco that gives me everything I want in a pipe . . . coolness, rich flavour and lasting satisfaction. If you're looking for value, this fine Empire Tobacco made by Player's is certainly an 'eye-opener'."

PLAYER'S

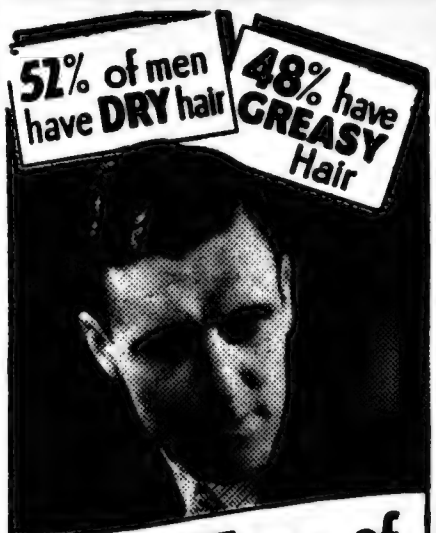
DIGGER MIXTURE

8D PER OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. R.D.38

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.



What Type of Hair is Yours?

There's no sense in buying a fixative unless it's going to SUIT your hair. Make sure which type of hair you have and get **Anzora Viola** if your hair is dry or **Anzora Cream** if greasy. Then you'll keep your hair tidy longer and your scalp healthier. In bottles 9d., 1/3 & 2/3.

ANZORA BRILLIANTINE for glossiness, in 1/- Bottles.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES

THE GOLD MEDAL HAIR CREAM

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY Co. Ltd., LONDON, N.W.6

Pain after Meals

Why live in misery? By the aid of 'Milk of Magnesia' you can enjoy and digest your next meal in comfort. It sweetens a sour, acid stomach within five minutes. Stops acute gastric pain almost instantly. What is even better, it restores the natural activity of the gastric juice, thus easing the work of the stomach and aiding the return of full digestive power.

Doctors prefer 'Milk of Magnesia' because it is the antacid most acceptable and beneficial to the human digestive system.

For convenience, many carry 'Milk of Magnesia' in the handy Tablet form. Each Tablet equal to one teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia'. A neat, flat tin for the waistcoat pocket or lady's bag 1/-; also in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use. Of all chemists.

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Philips' preparation of Magnesia.

FREE! A famous Health Book.
Turn to p. 35 and fill in the Coupon for a copy of Heath & Heather's Herb book.

HEADACHES

If you are in the grip of agonising Headaches get a Beechams Brand Powder and find relief for 2d. Acts like magic in charming away pain. Quick and certain. Also invaluable for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each.
Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

GO FOR 2d

Beechams Powders

BRAND

Indigestion

—till she tried
DIGESTIF RENNIE

'I have found great relief in taking Digestif Rennie Pastilles. I think I have tried everything for indigestion. I have really and truly been in agony when I have tried to eat a little pork or attempted peas, but now there is no more walking round the room at night, no more being short of breath when working. I go out to work armed with my Digestif Rennie Pastilles, and how you can get so many ingredients in one tablet beats me, but I have passed on the prescription to my mother, who lives in a little village, and a fortnight ago was suffering with acute pains. My husband took her a few tablets, and she had great relief. Thank you for finding so great a tablet!'
Mrs. A. E. W., S. Devon.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start*. And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food*. End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're handy; each one is individually wrapped in waxed paper.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own Chemist. Trial Size 6d., Family Size 1/9.

To Open just pull Twist.

YOU SUCK IT LIKE A SWEET

Quick Relief & Lasting Benefit for PILES

For many years doctors have recommended suppositories for Piles, because only this form of treatment can ensure continuous direct medication throughout the night. "Germoloids" are the finest suppository prescription ever compounded for this agonising, weakening, nerve-wrecking disorder. They stop all pain, shrink swollen tissues, restrain bleeding and spread a thick lubricating coating over nerves and blood-vessels, thus preventing further injury, whilst helping to overcome constipation. Clean, simple and hygienic, they have earned the heartfelt gratitude of thousands.

Germoloids
From All Chemists **1/3 PER BOX**

WHEN I WAS A GOOD SAMARITAN

IT was a terrible night; a bitterly cold rain was falling, and the wind was howling round the house.

There was a knock at the door. It was a tramp, shivering with cold and his rags soaked right through. He begged for food and shelter. To my wife's disgust I asked him in, gave him food, clothes and a bed.

The next morning I was down early, but not early enough! The tramp had gone, and so had practically every portable thing of value.

Would I be a good Samaritan again? I wonder!—*D. M., Oxford.*

Never Regretted

When I came of age, I inherited a small legacy. I am ashamed to say that I wasted most of it, but the manner in which I "spent" five pounds I have never regretted.

I was idly watching a small pierrot troupe playing to almost empty benches. Some of the troupe looked really ill, due, probably, to a semi-starvation winter and indifferent holiday weather.

When the "bag" came round, the few onlookers melted away, and the collector despairingly retraced his steps. Intercepting him, I placed five pounds in his bag and hurried away.—*S. A., Southampton.*

Snubbed!

It was at a seaside town one boisterous day; the wind was blowing clouds of sand and litter across the promenade.

As I struggled along, I was horrified to see an old lady in a bath-chair facing the gale, and powerless to protect herself from the blinding sand.

I went up to her and asked whether I could move her to a more sheltered spot. Imagine my surprise when she looked up and indignantly asked, "Why? Am I in your way?"—*M. J. B. Whitchurch.*

Excellent Neighbours

His hens: my dog. His children: my greenhouse. Emphatically we were not friendly neighbours.

An early morning stroll in my garden often resulted in my finding rubbish which had not been there the night before. Ruthlessly I threw it back from whence it came. Then I had an idea. I'd wait until my apple trees shed their leaves in the autumn, and then throw the leaves over the fence one night.

This I did, and next morning he greeted me with, "Thanks; leaf mould is worth 3s. 6d. a bushel as fertiliser—you didn't know that?" We smiled simultaneously, and my "good" Samaritan act resulted in us being excellent neighbours from then on.—*Frank, Sherwood.*

She Was Known

I met her coming home on the boat. Before disembarking she asked would I mind her putting a parcel in my case, for although she had packed carefully she could not get everything in. A car would be meeting her, she said, so when landing formalities were over I could travel to London with her.

Although nothing to declare, the Customs officer, searching my luggage, questioned me about my friend's parcel. It proved to be drugs.

When I was detained the woman denied even knowing me, but, fortunately, they knew her, for she'd tried it before.—*W. Y., Hull.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

ASTOR LUCK

LORD ASTOR is often termed an unlucky owner, but this holds good only so far as the Derby is concerned.

He has won four or five Eclipse Stakes, a race often more valuable than the Epsom classic. Twelve months ago he annexed nearly £5,000 of Ascot stake money.

This year, at the moment of writing, they have won near enough to £12,000.

I have been looking over his lordship's candidates for the coming Eclipse. He has Rhodes Scholar, Plaster Cast, Double Remove and Portfolio left in the Sandown Park race, and it is difficult to see what is to beat the "Scholar," unless Thankerton does the trick.

At the Sandown meeting this week-end I suggest that Law Court and O'Grady be noted for their respective engagements.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 25, to Wednesday, July 1.

P G 98 T F U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R
W A N 96 G Y 97 L H J I 95 E D K V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

L9398FOVA would read ZINGARO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KOD2U would read SAMMY.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, June 30.

When I Championed a Good Cause

Embarrassed!

The express was about to start when a smiling young woman, ushering a small boy into my compartment, and depositing a suitcase upon the rack, requested me to mind them while she made an enquiry. Like a good Samaritan I assented.

Suddenly the train steamed off, leaving me with a fleeting glance of the frantic mother on the platform.

My subsequent arrival at my destination with the screaming child and suitcase of an unknown stranger provided me with a nightmare of embarrassment I shall never forget.—*Bachelor, Penarth.*

Happily Married

A young man of our village, in a moment of weakness, committed a crime for which he was sent to jail.

When he was released he hunted high and low for work in vain.

In desperation he appealed to me. I found him a good job and got him interested in church work. He never looked back, and is now happily married to a very fine girl who knows his past, but who has the overwhelming confidence of love to sustain her.—*Geoff, West Wales.*

Saved

Hurrying to catch a train some time ago, I saw a small errand boy struggling with a heavy truck up a steep hill.

I felt bound to help the little lad with his task, with the result that I missed the train.

It was as well for me that it was so, for the train was involved in a terrible disaster in which fifteen people lost their lives.—*Thankful, Lansdown.*

Passed Them On

For five long, weary months my leg was slung from the beam of a hospital ward—yet I was thankful to be alive.

It was during the war, when I was but in my middle 'teens. I wasn't much of a Samaritan, but the lads who were dying for a smoke asserted so.

Daily we had our gratis issue of "gaspers." Theirs were smoked in no time. Though young, I was as fond of a cigarette as anyone, but no once did I put one betwee my lips.

Instead, for twenty week I did my best to emulat that magnificent padr Woodbine Willie, in "pass ing them on."—*Solo, Devon*

Intervened

While in Flanders durin the war I was privilege to be a good Samarita to a wounded Prussia prisoner.

One day my attention wa attracted by a gutturs voice pleading with some one. On making investi gations, I came upon military policeman endea vouring to wrest a gol locket from the neck of th prisoner.

Touched by the plight o the severely wounded Prus sion, and angered by th brutal conduct of the M.P. I intervened, and thu enabled a son to retain locket containing a photo graph of his dear mother.— *Wipers, Lanarkshire.*

Say "Thank You!"

A scream outside the shop, clatterin hoofs, hurrying feet, and soon the acci dent victim was brought in badly cut an bruised. With lint and bandages I ren dered first-aid, called a cab, and got m patient off to hospital. I felt quite th complete Samaritan.

Motors replaced horses, accidents be came frequent, dressings no cheaper and Samaritans more like unpaid servants

One doesn't mind the cost so much, bu one would feel like being a Samaritan again if only one day somebody came back and said, "Thank you!"—*Chemist, Essex*

Gratitude

He was lying by a trackside nea Peshawar, on India's troubled frontier, Pathan with an injured shoulder.

I bound him up and gave him water Then I heard voices; three big tribesmen with drawn knives were beside me.

They intended to kill me, but the in jured man stopped them. Later I learned that the wounded man was a notorious outlaw.—*L., Wimbledon.*

The Tragedy

Sitting by the river, I was amused t see two urchins with fishing nets an glass jar, obviously on a "tiddler" ex pedition.

It was right opposite me the tragedy occurred—the jar fell with a crash on th concrete path. The tears of the smal boy and the woebegone expression of th other as they gazed hopelessly at th wreckage touched me. I gave them six pence, and the tiny fishermen went happily on their way.

Later I told my brother about it.

"That pair make a good thing out o 'Samaritan' visitors," he chuckled.— *Draper, Bedford.*

Make YOURS a NEW GARDEN in TEN DAYS!

By feeding while you water with SANGRAL now, you will add vital Organic Nitrogen to your soil in six hours, and in ten days you will notice an amazing difference in the quality of your garden produce.

MAKE THIS TEN-DAY TEST FOR 2d.

Test Sangral in your garden this week by treating a portion of your garden. Mark out the area carefully and feed the rest of the bed with ANY other fertiliser. Leave for 10 DAYS and SEE the difference. More life, strength, and colour will be observed everywhere SANGRAL has touched. Send 2d. (in stamps) NOW and you'll be proud of your garden next week.
Write to LARGO, LTD., 168, Carruthers St., Liverpool

SANGRAL
THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER
Sold Everywhere 1/6, 3/- & 5/- tins

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Moulded Coach-built body, softly upholstered, loose seats, celluloid handle, leather cloth hood and apron, ball-bearing wheels, ribbed cushion tyres, foot brake, coil springs, mudguards. Price, Carriage Paid 5/- or 5/- monthly. Catalogue of Prams, Folding Cars, Pens. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/- NOW

Body 30in. long.

"BE WARNED BY OUR FATE— WE ARE VICTIMS OF THE DANGERS OF DIRT"

"SIMPLE CUTS AND GRAZES - THAT'S ALL, WE HAD, BUT DIRT-BRED GERMS INFECTED THEM AND LED US TO HOSPITAL WARDS AND OPERATING TABLES"
TO BE SAFE YOU MUST DO AWAY WITH ALL DIRT

Wherever there's a scrap of dirt, disease germs may be breeding and lying in wait to infect the tiniest open wound or to attack anyone in a low condition. Only when you have used a soap that takes dirt completely away can you be sure of protection against the dangers of dirt infection.

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP ENSURES PROTECTION AGAINST THE DANGER OF DIRT INFECTION

The Safeguard in these cases:

FAMILY USES NO OTHER SOAP

"... your famous Health Soap. We (myself, wife and children) use no other soap but this, and undoubtedly the protection which the soap gives is the main factor."
Testimonial No. 5185.

SOLD EVERYWHERE 2½d PER TABLET

TWO-TABLET CARTON 5d

Also oversize tablet 3d

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

KH 3A-172 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED. LONDON. E.16

Quick Help For RUNDOWN THIN, NERVOUS, WEAK Women!

How Amazing Sea Plant from Pacific Ocean Feeds MINERAL and FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS Quickly, RENEWS ENERGY, builds Glorious NEW STRENGTH, Rejuvenates the Body and ADDS EXTRA LBS. IN TEN DAYS OR NO COST—without the use of drugs!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of ill, even "Naturally thin," tired, weak, worn-out, prematurely ageing, haggard-looking women whose energy, health and strength have been sapped by office or house work—women who are nervous, worried, irritable, always half-sick and ailing. The latest discoveries in nutrition show that the principal cause of underweight and dangerous run-down conditions is GLANDS STARVING FOR MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE. When these glands don't work properly all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is you stay thin, run-down, ailing—you "age" before your time.

These glands—particularly the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands which actually control body weight and strength, need a regular, evenly balanced ration of the 12 life-giving MINERALS and FOOD IODINE all the time—Natural Assimilable Iodine (not to be confused with chemical Iodides which often prove toxic nor mere iodine fumes). Only when the system gets an adequate supply of these minerals and food iodine can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength, health and energy.

To get in convenient assimilable form this FOOD IODINE and the 12 essential life-giving MINERALS needed by the body so sadly lacking in the everyday cooked food we eat—take "VIKELP" Tablets, made from a remarkable Pacific Ocean sea plant, now recognized as the world's richest source of these precious substances. They contain 1,300 times more Iodine than Oysters, once considered the richest source; 6 tablets alone contain more natural FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of Spinach or 1,378 lbs. of Lettuce. Absolutely free from drugs. Wonderful for children.

Whatever you've tried before, try "VIKELP" Tablets to-day. See flattering extra pounds appear in place of scrawny hollows. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep. Your body is not only rejuvenated but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism and other systemic illnesses as shown in the panel on the right are corrected or disappear entirely. If you don't gain extra pounds in 10 days (8-9 pounds not uncommon) the trial is free. They cost but little to use. 40 tablets 1/9d., 100 3/6d., 225 6/9d.; if your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B./6/4, Health Products Laboratories Ltd., 10, Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

HOW VIKELP TABLETS PRECIOUS MINERALS INCREASE WEIGHT AND IMPROVE HEALTH

Its rich supply of	Corrects
Iodine ..	Goitre, skinniness, low vitality, bad skin, faulty metabolism, nerves.
Iron ..	Anæmia, headaches, weakness.
Copper ..	Anæmia, loss of vigour.
Calcium ..	Stomach trouble, rickets, eczema impaired teeth during pregnancy.
Phosphorus	Mental exhaustion, subnormal growth.
Sodium ..	Stomach, kidney and bladder disorders, rheumatism.
Potassium ..	Acidosis, bad heart, constipation.
Magnesium	Underweight, skin diseases.
Sulphur ..	Constipation, blood and liver disorders, nervousness.
Manganese	Anæmia, gout, general debility.

VIKELP
Brand
HEALTH and BODY BUILDING Tablets

INTERNAL TROUBLES

Mrs. HOPTON, 277, Abbey Street, Derby, writes: "Seventeen months ago I was very ill, vomiting for 3 weeks and never stopped. I got no sleep for terrible pains. I was in Hospital a fortnight. They X-rayed me and found I had Gall Stones. My husband got me Vitadatio, and I found I was getting stronger and the pain easier, and now I feel a new woman."

Vitadatio

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood Purifier—invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra U.K.). Special 21/- bottle for export only, containing 3 weeks' supply, post free from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

end Seasickness

Bad Travel Sickness by sea, road or air. SONGO NEVER FAILS. 1/6 and 3/6, Chemists, or Post Free Vendor, Ltd., 120, Pitt St., Glasgow.

Get SONGO

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, trembling, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632.
Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

Here are further well-known SHADFORTH Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144).

"BRAIN SPARKLERS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

REDUCE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108.) It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept. J.B.36), 48, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at money-saving prices. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

FLAMBORO Charming Two-piece consisting of fashionable two-tone Dress and the newest style Coatee to match. Bodice of the frock is in Floral Art. Silk, cut on dainty lines with button trimming down centre front, plain bow at neck, and short turn-back sleeves. The stylish Art. Silk Skirt is finished with self-material belt & new type of slide. The Art. Silk Coatee has full cape elbow-length sleeves, and is lined with floral Art. Silk to match collar and revers. Link button front fastening. Shades: Lido, Brown, and Green. Sizes: S.S.W. to W., Busts: 32 to 34in. Dress lengths: 46 to 50ins. **24/6**
Terms: 2/6 Monthly.

WRITE for PATTERNS

Send to-day for range of Patterns Post Free. Swagger Models, Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and particulars will be sent per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

36 Monthly

★ FREE SAMPLE

of delightful New

BREAKFAST FOOD

HERE'S a unique opportunity for every "John Bull" reader to try, taste and enjoy WEETABIX—the *new* British wholewheat cereal food—free of charge. All you have to do is to write, mentioning "John Bull," to the British & African Cereal Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), "Constantia Mills," Burton Latimer, Northants, enclosing 2d. in stamps, and a generous trial sample will be sent to you—FREE!

WEETABIX is good for kiddies—body-building and health promoting—and there are many tasty ways of serving it up to them. Give the family and yourself a treat by trying this new cereal food, either as a breakfast food with milk or after any meal with stewed or tinned fruit. Take the first step and write for your free trial sample. This offer appears on p. 25.

WIN THIS HUGE 3-IN-1 HOLIDAY PENSION

prize for "JOHN BULL'S" ENTERTAINING X-WORD

£30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £300 CASH

£30 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

£150 Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up

£50 EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS To Runners-up from whom we receive Two Entries in the same envelope

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS To each sender of solution containing one error more than runners-up. We shall forward a Special Surprise Award.

TO BE DESPATCHED WED., JULY 15

23

PENSION PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT IN X-WORD NO. 21—SEE PAGE 41

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-third of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL;

Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., Goldsmiths' Reader in English, Oxford University; and

Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit., Head of Department of Philosophy, Birkbeck College, University of London.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, July 16, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly *Crossword Gazette*, obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, July 3.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly *Crossword Gazette* or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 16. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 21, in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 23. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1936.

J B 23

J B 23

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 23. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1936.

J B 23

J B 23

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 23, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.).

FOR 24 PAGES OF CROSSWORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON

Your "Crossword Gazette" brings reasons for Committee's findings and other valuable weekly help.

FREE!

Register me for six weeks' FREE "Crossword Gazette"—I have affixed two 1½d. stamps to this coupon for postage.

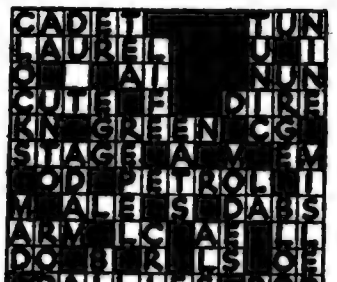
Name .....

Address.....

.....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE



J.B.21

X-WORD No. 21

WINNERS ON PAGE 41.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above

Two spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who gave as Answers DUET or DUST (not DUCT) and HEAT or MEAT were regarded as having submitted apt and accurate Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 21 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

CLUES ACROSS

1. Part of big house, inside front door
5. This rings for alarm or prayer
8. Jewels supposed to be unlucky
10. Before
11. To get caught by one is painful
12. Half seen in museum
14. Cyclists are annoyed by motorists'
17. Part of helm that's wood
19. Short for mother
20. Gives assent
22. Some offices in American ones seem strange to us
23. Fish are caught in this
25. In spices, and nice
30. Anglers are sometimes let down by bad ones
32. Starts curiously
34. Stop race half way
35. British nobleman
36. Lowest part of ship
37. Eccentric
38. With this you need not starve
39. Getting this is usually producer's worry
40. Its improvement would please industrialists
41. That of King of Italy is almost a farce

CLUES DOWN

1. Too much of working man's money commonly goes on this
2. How April begins
3. It's unwise to do this deliberately
4. Found in alleys and villages
5. Punter does this hopefully
6. Make mistake at beginning of errand
7. You need this from landlord to get into house
9. Keeps on the surface of water
13. Fairy in belfry
15. Keeps balloons in air
16. Comes into most of our calculations
18. Little rodents that like cheese
20. Both ends of yacht
21. Is too often only a dud
24. Comfort
25. By which one gains admission
26. Occasionally leaves one in deep water
27. Motorists can usually find them everywhere nowadays
29. You strike billiard ball with this
31. Little God of Love
33. It's foolish to get brush stuck in this
39. Beginning of clue and end of this puzzle

J B 23

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

B. K. (Cambridge).—"I poised on my toes for a moment with both hands outstretched above me, and then plunged into the water." Yes, we remember our early punting days, too!

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

CURIOUS (Maida Vale).—"What is the difference between a blonde and a brunette?" A chemist.

S. A. (Westcliff).—"Many a man begins by calling a girl dear." And ends by calling her expensive.

F. G. (Caterham).—"I was disappointed in a love affair 25 years ago." So you are celebrating your silver wedding?

B. Y. (Smethwick).—"What can be worse than an aching corn on the sole of the foot?" Two.

D. G. (Grimsby).—"A really clever man gets away with anything he does." And does anything he can get away with.

F. G. (Bristol).—"In an all-night walk I found my sorest trial did not come from my feet." It came from baby?

NATURALIST (Kent).—"I love to hear the sound of the cricket on a hot day." We prefer to watch it instead.

MRS. P. (Dulwich).—"My husband got some medicine from the doctor, but so far has not plucked up courage to take it." So he hasn't got it in him?

B. A. (Pontefract).—"Don't you feel pained when you see a nice book being thrown about the room?" Only if it happens to hit us.

CIRCUS (Devon).—"Since employing some good clowns to do a bit of tumbling, my takings have greatly increased." An improved turnover.

L. D. S. (York).—"Name me one establishment where they keep their people for years, where a holiday list isn't sent round in good time." Dartmoor.

D. C. (Wilts).—"There was quite an uproar when my dog walked away with the first prize." Did you have a chase to get it back?

STEWARD (Southampton).—"On the first trip of the vessel, I was surprised at the large number of young girls among the passengers." Quite a maiden voyage, then.

NEW YORKER (London, W.).—"One thing I've failed to get in any restaurant since I've been in England is a really cold dinner." You've been very unlucky, then.

HARRY (Willesden).—"When I saw my irate father approaching on one side, and my angry mother on the other, I wanted to steer clear of trouble." But you didn't know which way to turn?

B. M. (Bath).—"My doctor is an unusual one: for my trouble he advised regular attendance at county cricket matches." Whereas the usual doctor would have merely advocated more sleep.

"Such fun, mummy; Willie's buttered the stepping stones!"

(From "The Passing Show")

WEIGHTY ONE (Bury).—"What should men do who run to fat?" Run to thin.

S. H. (London, E.).—"My duty is to inspect gramophone needles in a factory." Watching points.

INVENTOR (London, E.C.).—"I recently lost a small fortune on a new type of elevator." You went down on it.

PICNICKER (Arkley).—"Don't you enjoy a bite out of doors?" No, we never get into such savage tempers.

G. J. (Luton).—"Can you suggest a song of sunbathers?" What about "John's Brown Body"?

CRITIC (Fleet Street).—"Two books on earthenware pitchers have been published." They ought to go down well.

MISS L. (Selby).—"Is there anything particularly elevating in a big City office?" Yes, the lift.

ALGY (Bradford).—"While holiday-making in the Tyrol, I was invited to join a party of tourists." You were roped in?

YACHTSMAN (Lymington).—"There is a greater demand than ever for sailing boats and small yachts." A boom?

G. B. (Hammersmith).—"The postmaster was exceedingly angry and showed it." Presumably by stamping his feet!

E. B. (Liverpool).—"Do right and fear no man." Don't write and fear no woman.

D. S. (Hitchin).—"'Oh, for a bathe,' I said, but when I arrived at the baths I found I had come without my money, so what could I do?" Owe for a bathe.

J. G. (Bury).—"Is it true that the criminal world revolves round the burglar?" Yes, if the constable's truncheon does its work properly.

GEORGE (Willesden).—"I went camping for the first time last week-end, but found it rather a job erecting a tent." You evidently don't know the ropes.

MRS. B. (Hendon).—"During my first flight my whole idea of aviation was turned completely upside down." You looped the loop?

JIM (Bolton).—"Only fresh-air fiends want people to sleep with their windows open all the year round." What about burglars?

TYRO (Dunbar).—"I thought I'd never grasp the game when I first faced a golf-ball on a tee." You soon hit it off, however?

WHEELER (Catford).—"Some of the lady members of my club are always talking behind their boy friend's back." Ah! tandem riders.

M. B. (Essex).—"Two burglars broke into our isolation hospital the other day." Then, no doubt, they will break out later.

N. B. (Baldock).—"I made an ice-cream cornet as big as a man just as an advertisement." That would take some licking!

G. F. (Blackpool).—"You don't see Mrs. Grundy so much in evidence at the seaside now." Only a shadow of her reformer self.

H. T. (Tenterden).—"After playing at dominoes for some time my vision becomes affected." You see spots before your eyes?

J. F. H. (Petts Wood).—"I experience no trouble in keeping my wife dressed in the height of fashion." The trouble would come if you didn't.

MRS. B. (Carshalton).—"I quarrelled with hubby over a hole in his coat which I kept neglecting to mend." We hope you have patched it up by now.

JOHN (Northampton).—"Only the lack of knowledge of one thing could prevent me from feeding thoroughbred racehorses properly." That's the stuff to give them!

H. G. (Swanage).—"Harm is done after bathing by hanging about in wet costumes." Instead of making the wet costumes hang about by themselves.

D. H. (Ramsgate).—"I saw three nice-looking girls doing their shopping in bathing-costumes yesterday." Pretty cool customers?

HOUSEHOLDER (Exeter).—"Now that I have succeeded in getting my evergreen hedge as I wanted it, I think I will let someone else get on with the rest of the garden." You will rest on your laurels?

HENPECKED (Walthamstow).—"Owing to my wife's sense of hospitality I am sleeping this week with my father-in-law and two brothers-in-law." You are certainly putting up with a lot.

S. C. (Taunton).—"Many housewives make a hash of cooking the week-end joint." Others roast it on Sunday and don't commence to make a hash of it until about the following Wednesday.

F. F. (Putney).—"Fashion is not necessarily art. Though I myself am convinced our young men look better hatless, that proves nothing." It proves you are not a hatter.

R. S. (Liverpool).—"He is only twenty-one, but the audience always keenly anticipates his appearance from the orchestra well, seated at the manual of the organ." A rising young organist?

E. D. (Edmonton).—"When you are faced with a problem, sleep on it." This is an excellent tip for holiday-makers who can't find anywhere to put up for the night.

D. L. (Kettering).—"Sitting with one's back to the driver when motoring is apt to cause biliousness." So that is why hikers often look so green on their return home?

P. V. (Crewe).—"When my friend and I got well down the river in a boat, fishing, we found that we had forgotten the most essential thing. . . ." So you knocked the necks off the bottles!

TAR (Portsmouth).—"When last in New York I became friendly with a lady tattoo artist, and when I left had the greatest difficulty in persuading her not to follow me to England." She evidently had designs on you.

F. L. (Portland).—"I read that an escaped convict from an American prison hid in a drum while the police searched the music stores they saw him enter." And when they had gone, he beat it!

R. J. C. (Tooting).—"What a small place the world is!" You won't think so if you see its wonders on a 40,000-mile voyage. This Record Family World Cruise, £6 Weekly Life Pension and £1,000 are waiting to be won on pages 42 and 43.

V. B. (Liverpool).—"I have found it most soothing to sit on my doorstep in the early morning wrapt in contemplation before the busy world is afoot." But you were glad when the wife let you in.

S. M. (Hornsey).—"The successful boxer is the one who maintains an icy calm in spite of the frantic excitement of the thousands around him." The unsuccessful boxer is the one who allows himself to be carried away.

S. Y. (Hanley).—"The majority is not always right, and very often a man who travels in the opposite direction to the rest has justice on his side." Excepting, of course, when travelling in one-way streets!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE WELLINGTON JOURNAL AND SHREWSBURY NEWS:—"... presented her with an inscribed case containing brush and COMB set."

WEST CUMBERLAND TIMES:—"... and then returned to the Pavilion for the concert and the CROWING of the May Queen."

ISLE OF WIGHT TIMES AND HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE:—"She was attended by her sister, who was wearing green taffeta with HAT and shoes to match."

SOMERSET COUNTY GAZETTE:—"—— presented the cup to the winning team, and medals to winner of each fight and two best LOVERS."

SCUNTHORPE AND FRODINGHAM STAR:—"A fine of 7s. 6d. was imposed upon —— for not carrying a road FUN licence on his motor-cycle."

Suffered Since - 1916

with Terrible

Corns

"It is really a great pleasure for me to write this voluntary testimony to the relief I have derived from the use of Radox Bath Salts. For many years, in fact from childhood, I had been almost crippled with terrible corns. Actually I had four corns on the tread of my left foot and five on the tread of my right foot besides three others on the top of my toes. At most times walking was a torture, and although I tried several kinds of ointments I obtained no relief. I then read what Radox had done for others, and decided I would try them for myself. After soaking my feet in a Radox footbath for two or three consecutive nights I was able to pick off quite a lot of the hard skin, and at the end of a week's treatment I was able to get the corns right out and walk with perfect ease after twenty years of misery and pain."

Mrs. R. A. H., London, S.E.16.

USE RADOX, THE SAFE CORN REMOVER.

Radox removes corns, roots and all, in a safe, scientific way. As soon as Radox is put into a footbath, oxygen is released which carries the softening salts of Radox right to the roots of the corns. The corns are soon loosened, and then you pick them out, complete with roots—pain and discomfort vanish for good. You can see how simple and safe Radox is. Don't use knives, they may set up blood poisoning. Don't use acids, they may burn the skin. Just a few soothing, fragrant Radox footbaths and the corns are cut.

1/6

Ten Ounce Pink Packet

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, 1/6 per 10-oz. Pink Packet, 2/6 Double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

LIFE PENSION, £300 AND YEARLY HOLIDAY CHEQUE WON IN X-WORD NO. 21.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 21 the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square, differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on page 40, were those submitted by:

A. E. G. SILVERTON, 88, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W., who, subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, will receive a Pension of 30s. Weekly for Life, £300 in cash and a £30 Holiday Cheque yearly, or a lump sum of £800 cash.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 30, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up and Surprise Awards. The Runners-up Prize has been divided between the following 11 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Square received, and who will each receive £13 12s. 9d.:—

Mrs. Bennett, 21, Knowles St., Penistone, Sheffield; Miss Flanders, River Terr., St. Neots, Hunts; H. Hirst, 2, Bawtry Rd., Harworth, Doncaster; Mrs. M. Keep, 47, Burton St., Melton Mowbray; F. H. C. Nightingale, Framdean, Walton Rd., Clacton-on-Sea; R. W. Parish, 5, Kirby Cotts., Church Rd., Stanmore, Middx.; F. N. Pearson, 8, Pitman Rd., Weston-super-Mare; F. M. Tassell, 11, Hillside Crescent, Enfield, Middx.; C. Vernon, 208, Herbert Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham; A. B. Walker, 65, Grasmere Gdns., Orpington, Kent; Mrs. M. E. Wright, 1, Laurel St., Throckley, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received two 6d. entries in same envelope.

A New Surprise Award for each of 110 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on June 24.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 19: Twenty-six competitors qualified to share the extra £50 offered and payments of £1 18s. 6d. have been despatched.

Exact Size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *inward* use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

40000 MILE family WORLD CRUISE
FINEST family WORLD CRUISE EVER OFFERED
AND
£1,000
REGULAR INCOME OF £6 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
1035
RECORD WORLD CRUISE PRIZE WITH FORTUNE AND LIFE INCOME

YOUR AMAZING VOYAGE IN s.s. "FRANCONIA"

Southampton—Havre—New York—Trinidad—Rio De Janeiro—St. Helena—Cape Town—Durban—Madagascar—Seychelles—Bombay—Colombo—Penang—Singapore—Bangkok—Java—Bali—Philippine Islands—Hong Kong—Shanghai—Kobe—Yokohama—Honolulu—California (visiting Hollywood)—Panama Canal—New York and so home to Southampton again.

WINNER, WITH WIFE OR HUSBAND, MAY BE ACCOMPANIED BY TWO CHILDREN UNDER 10, OR ONE OF 10 OR OVER.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES—READ THEM CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

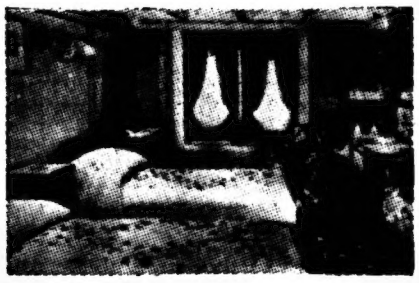
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is a express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

HUGE MIDSUMMER OFFER BRINGS OPPORTUNITIES GALORE

IN over 25 years of *Bullets* history there has been no offer so rich in opportunity as the Giant Midsummer prize-list before you to-day.

For a few simple words, entered on one of the coupons on the opposite page, your staggering reward may well be independence for life, wealth and a 40,000-mile luxury voyage with your family!

In *Bullets* 942nd Contest a free-entry "Target" coupon was submitted by Mrs. W. Turner, Woodthorpe, Nottingham. After receiving her £1,000 fortune, this First Prize winner set out with her husband and son on a 29,650-mile World Cruise and returned to enjoy her £5 Weekly Life Pension. And only recently another entrant—Mr. H. F. Ellis, New Earswick, York—celebrated his £2,000 victory in *Bullets* 1,019th Contest by taking his wife to New York and back at JOHN BULL's expense on the *Queen Mary's* maiden voyage.



A typical stateroom in s.s. Franconia

Travel the World!

Now the launching of *Bullets* Record World Cruise Offer brings you the opportunity of capturing a far greater prize than that secured by either of these two big winners. Enter the best *Bullet* in this Record World Cruise Contest, and with the mighty 3-in-1 First Prize JOHN BULL will make you rich at once, provide lifelong independence with a £6 Weekly Pension and arrange for you a Family Trip in the magnificent s.s. *Franconia* which will fill your coming years with golden memories of the New World and the Old.

On Friday, July 24, a glittering Joy Wire will bring JOHN BULL'S congratulations to the winner of this 3-in-1 Record World Cruise First Prize, and all this Contest's 100 splendid supporting Holiday Cheques will be in winners' hands in good time for the August holidays.

As an additional attraction, a £10 Holiday Bonus Coupon has been provided for your use. Its directions show you how to enter two extra World Cruise *Bullets* free and automatically qualify by so doing to receive, with any prize as detailed, a £10 Holiday Bonus. But to share in this sensational Midsummer Offer of over £1,250 in Holiday Bonuses, or secure a place amongst the winners in *Bullets* Record World Cruise Contest, your entry *must* be in by Saturday, July 11.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,031

First Prize, £500, plus Holiday Fares Yearly as Announced:

A. McDONALD, 10, Eardisley Road, Liverpool.

Example: GUARDED
Bullet: "FLAME," MAKE MINER'S *Life*!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£50, plus Holiday Fares for 2:

T. W. GREENE, R.A.O.C., Bovington, Wareham.
Example: A Poser
Bullet: But I Chose Her!

£25, plus Holiday Fares for 2:

G. HUNTLEY, 31, Longhedge Street, Battersea, London, S.W.
Example: King Of The Castle
Bullet: Releasing "Slave," "Good-night, Mummy!"

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: E. G. ROCK, 22, Montgomerie Road, Southsea.
Father's Bet—Pin—Paper—Pen—Pauper!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9 10s.: E. G. LYMBERY, 65, Red Post Hill, Herne Hill, London, S.E.
New Germany—Making "Sackcloth" Into—Sandbags!

£9: R. BRENNAN, 228, Dereham Road, Norwich.
An Education—To Spoilt Child, *Playground*.

£8 10s.: E. H. OLIVER, 10, The Estate, Woodstock, Oxford.
Break In The Clouds—Downstairs—First "Squall" Overhead.

£8: A. J. YOUNG, 34, Mayola Road, Clapton, E.
Made Mother Sigh—"Little Grub" Destroyed "Roses."

£7 10s.: M. POVER, 285, Stone Road, Stafford.
Father's Bet—Boy—"Result," Twin Girls!

£7: Miss E. GRAHAM, 45, Fell Side, Delves Lane, Consett, Co. Durham.
An Education—Grandpa *Wasn't* Denied, Children.

£6 10s.: W. A. RODGERS, 6, Horringford Road, Liverpool.
On The Frontier—Gnat Seen—Aeroplane Reported!

£6: Miss M. KAY, 16, Park Road, Edenfield, Ramsbottom.
Guarded—Henpeck's Speech—And Disregarded

£5 10s.: J. W. BOOTH, 23, Woodland Avenue, Breaston, Nr. Derby.
Time's Hand—And *You're* The "Employer"!

10 of £5 each:

P. BEARHAM, 2, Uplands Terrace, Greenford.
Time's Hand—Hits "Unbending" Parent Hard.

F. BROWN, 60, Hazellville Road, London, N.
Only One—"They Had"—Roadhog, Several.

C. BULL, 131, Richmond Road, Hackney, E.
An Education—Park Orator Gives *Foreigners*.

S. T. BYLES, 57, East Street, Bridport, Dorset.
On Parade—His Millions—World "Saluting."

C. R. CONNOR, 4, Grove Street, Kearsley, Lancs.
As Auntie Thought—Of Everything, Beer *Forgotten*!

E. FARMER, 53, Hawthorn Avenue, Hull.
Smart Salesman—"Booked" Boss's Daughter, Too!

A. FOSTER, Jnr., Bk. 41, Manuel Street, Goole.
King Of The Castle—"Subject" Wise Couple "Exile."

Miss D. M. PIKE, 8, Crocus Street, East Kirkby, Nottingham.
New Germany—Strong—"Lifting" Colonies Soon?

Mrs. C. RIGBY, Pimbley Farm, Moss Side, Maghull, near Liverpool.
Lonely Bachelor—Well Off? We Laugh.

Mrs. J. TRAVIS, South Loan, Pitten Weem, Fife.
Made Mother Sigh—"You're Never Unhappy, Mother!"

Each of the above winners of from £5 up to £10 will also receive a "Vidor" Portable Radio.

A list of 525 other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,035 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,030 will be displayed in the window of Mr. N. Greenwood, Post Office, Elland Bridge, Elland.

FORTUNE and huge PENSION FOR 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS

Closing Sat. July 11

£200	£100	£50			
£25	£20	£18	£16	£14	
£12	£10	£9.10	£9	£8.10	£8
£7.10	£7	£6.10	£6	£5.10	£5

£10 HOLIDAY BONUS TO EVERY PRIZE-WINNER AS ANNOUNCED BELOW WHO USES GIFT COUPON PROVIDED

80 of £2.10 each

500 OF 2/6
4,000 "DOUBLE—STAR TARGETS"
8,000 "STAR TARGETS"

100 OTHER BIG CHEQUES AND OVER £1,250 OFFERED IN £10 HOLIDAY BONUSES

OR £3,000 CASH PLUS FAMILY TRIP TO NEW YORK AND BACK IN R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"

HOW TO WIN "BULLETS"
MONSTER 3-IN-1 PRIZE

QUITE ordinary ideas form the foundations of most prize *Bullets*: it is the neat arrangement of their simple words which brings their senders big rewards.

Bear that fact in mind as you read carefully through the list of *Examples* provided and select a few which appeal to you particularly. Write down your favourite *Examples* and against each one make rough notes of all the ideas it suggests to your mind.

There already you will have the raw material for your *Bullets*. Your next step is to compress each of these first crude jottings into the TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment of which a prize *Bullet* must consist. Polish carefully the phrasing of each *Bullet*, making sure that it is closely fitted to the *Example* used.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* KEEPING STRAIGHT, your rough note was *Since He Gave Up Drink*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, KEEPING STRAIGHT—THANKS TO ABANDONING "CORKSCREW."

Before starting on your own efforts, you will be wise to turn to the opposite page and notice carefully the good points of the winning efforts in our 1,031st Contest. See what simple words went to the making of these winners and you will realise that it is well within your powers to turn out a big winner yourself.

When you have weighed up the merits of those successful *Bullets* you will be quite ready to tackle the *Examples*. Use care and common-sense in evolving your efforts, enter them by Saturday, July 11—and that Life Pension, Fortune and Record Family World Cruise may well be your enormous 3-in-1 reward.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

COME ALONG, BALDWIN	OUR LOT	MEMORABLE OCCASION
TO SAVE THE LEAGUE	DEMOCRACY	SKELETON AT THE FEAST
NATURE'S WEALTH	VAIN SEARCH	BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN
WAR'S HARVEST	LIVES	MY WORLDLY GOODS
ARMAMENTS KING	LED ASTRAY	MAKING HASTE
JOURNEY'S END	DISTINCTLY	SHE'S IN LOVE, SO
FOR THE MILLION	KNOWING	SOUND OF THE SIREN
LEFT AT HOME	GOOD WORK	FEATHERING HIS NEST
"WHAT A PITY!"	GRANNY SAYS	WHEN AUNTIE WENT CAMPING
MOTHER'S PRECIOUS	SHOOTING	KEEPING STRAIGHT
IN THE VAN	WEAK LINK	LASH OF CRITICISM
PLAIN ENOUGH	EMPTY TILL	SHOWED HE WAS LYING
HEARD ON THE CRUISE	MARKED MAN	WORTH MORE
THANKS TO FATHER	THE WEATHER	TO UNTIE THE KNOT
THE CULPRIT	SCANDALOUS	NOW SONNY'S AT SCHOOL
BEFORE THE BOSS	KEPT IN	FITTING PUNISHMENT

OVER £1,250 EXTRA OFFERED IN HOLIDAY BONUSES!
The Free Bonus Coupon on this page, entered in accordance with instructions upon it, qualifies user to receive £10 extra with any published prize won in same name and address in "Bullets" No. 1,035, 1,036, 1,037, 1,038, 1,039 and 1,040.

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS — USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO
ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EID FREE

HOLIDAY BONUS COUPON

I ENCLOSE 4 OR MORE FULLY PAID OR PRIZE coupons all bearing same name and address as below. Please register me for a £10 CASH HOLIDAY BONUS with Prize for any published *Bullet* of nine-in-prize-list for "Bullets" No. 1035, 1036, 1037, 1038, 1039, and 1040.

USE OF THIS COUPON AUTOMATICALLY REGISTERS YOU FOR BONUS

Example .....
Bullet .....

Example .....
Bullet .....

I agree to Bonus Conditions as announced, and rules . . . *Bullet* No. 1035

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....
Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,035) Closing SAT., July 11.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to use advertiser's coupons on back, you can enter further "Bullets" or apply for free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Remember that £10 Bonus Coupon can be sent with four paid-entry or Prize coupons.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,035, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

JACK: You are really the most glorious creature under the sun, Neda, and I am not the only one who thinks so. All the evening people have been gazing up at our box looking at you.

NEDA: You are most ridiculous. You know I am no longer young. Many think I am only 26, but I shall be 44 next month. I study the soap I use. All my life I have only used cream to cleanse my face. The ordinary soap has a lot of soda, so I found a marvellous soap called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is perfect for my skin. It is composed of Almond Oil, and I should advise you, Jack, to use it yourself. It is not 5/- per tablet—only 6d., and has a most delightful perfume, and this is the secret of my perfect complexion that you admire so much.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol Pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. 514),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING
which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of Shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave! Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles, and keeps the face in perfect condition.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness and the smoothest that one can use on the time. Blade of Sheffield Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 TUBES & 1/6 POTS

The Shavex Cream makes the bristles of the beard stand up, when they are easily shaved with the razor. The ordinary creams and soaps flatten the beard and so it is impossible to get the perfect shave. If grass is lying down it is more difficult for the mower to cut than if it is standing up. It is the same with the beard and Shavex. SHAVEX gets between all the hairs and forces the beard to stand up, and one can cut it so easily and get a perfect shave.

WIFE: Good heavens, Jack! How late you are—we will be too late for the dinner and Theatre—and you have to shave, too.

JACK: Don't worry, dear, I will be dressed in fifteen minutes. I use Shavex, and one shave in the morning lasts me until next day and my face feels as smooth and fresh as a daisy. Well, so long, dear, we won't be late — thanks to Shavex.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R. 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, but restores the natural oils; it makes and keeps the skin really beautiful, and is a perfect base for powder. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of them. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST: By Jove, what a beautiful woman Margaret Duncan is—I must paint her for the Academy. But I shall never be able to put that perfect complexion in a painting.

HIS LADY FRIEND: Well, my dear Richard, that perfect complexion you see was absolutely dreadful six weeks ago, and she was in despair until I told her of Doge Face Cream Restorer, and now she is my best friend.

ARTIST: Well, my dear, you certainly have a beautiful complexion, but then you always have had a beautiful complexion.

LADY FRIEND: Yes, I have been using Doge Cream a long time.

ARTIST: You women can always find out a secret remedy for the complexion.

LADY FRIEND: Yes, but none like Doge Cream.

Per Pot - - 1/-
Large Pot - 2/-
Large Tube - 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. De 6.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL
The Wonder Skin Remedy
4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

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